

THE ILLUSTRATED
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NEWS

No. 291.—VOL. XI.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1879.

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6d.



MISS ROSE KENNEY AS JULIET.

RAILWAYS.

DIEPPE RACES, August 22nd, 24th, and 26th.
SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS issued on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, August 21st, 22nd and 23rd, from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington, Clapham Junction, East Croydon, Brighton, Tunbridge Wells, Uckfield, Lewes, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, and Portsmouth, available to return the following Wednesday, 24th, and 17s.
CHEAP RETURN TICKETS issued from London Bridge and Victoria, available for a month, 34s. and 23s.

WORTHING REGATTA, August 25th.—Cheap
Excursions to Worthing by Special Train from London Bridge 9.15 a.m., calling at New Cross, East Croydon, and Redhill Junction; also from Liverpool Street 8.35 a.m., calling at Whitechapel and all Stations on the East London Line. Returning from Worthing 8.0 p.m.
(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLN-SHIRE RAILWAY.

YORK RACES.

REDUCTION IN FARES.

On TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY, 26th, 27th, and 28th August, a SPECIAL EXPRESS EXCURSION TO YORK will leave Sheffield (Victoria Station) at 9.15 a.m., and run as under:—
Sheffield (Vic. Station), dep., 9.15 a.m., Rotherham (Central), 9.35, Kilnhurst, 9.46, Mexboro', 9.53.
The Special Train will leave YORK in returning at 6.10 p.m., and depart from the siding outside Holgate Bridge.
F. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.
London Road Station, Manchester, August, 1879.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLN-SHIRE RAILWAY.

YORK RACES.

EBOR HANDICAP DAY.

REDUCTION IN FARES.

On WEDNESDAY, 27th August, a SPECIAL EXPRESS EXCURSION TO YORK (by the new and direct route), will run as under:—
Manchester (London-road), dep. 8.15 a.m., Guide Bridge 8.35, Oldham (Clegg-street) 7.30, Stanleybridge 8.20, Ashton 8.24, Stockport (Tiviot Dale) 8.30, Newton 8.41, Penistone 9.25.
The Special Train will leave YORK in returning at 6.0 p.m., and depart from the Siding outside Holgate Bridge.
R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.
London Road Station, Manchester, August 5th, 1879.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

WARWICK RACES, Sept. 2nd and 3rd.

The London and North-Western Company's EXPRESS and FAST Trains, between London and Warwick, run as under:—
Week days—1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class by all trains.
LONDON (Euston) dep. 5.15, 7.30, 9.0, 10.10 and 11.0 a.m., 12.10 noon, 3.0, 4.0, 5.15 and 6.0 p.m., and 12.0 night.
WARWICK (Milverton Station) arr. 9.8 and 10.45 a.m., 12.10 noon, 1.18, 2.30, 3.15, 6.0, 6.59, 8.15 and 9.15 p.m., and 3.8 night.
WARWICK (Milverton Station) dep. 7.30, 9.25, 9.45 and 11.0 a.m., 12.10 noon, 1.5, 2.10, 3.55, 5.55 and 7.10 p.m.
LONDON (Euston) arr. 10.30, a.m., 12.30 and 12.50 noon, 2.15, 3.15, 4.0, 5.10, 6.55, 9.0 and 10.15 p.m.
On TUESDAY, Sept. 2nd, a SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Wolverhampton at 9.20 a.m.; Walsall, 9.45 a.m.; Dudley, 9.25 a.m.; and other Stations for Warwick (Milverton Station). Returning therefrom the same evening at 7 p.m. A Special Train, at excursion fares, will also leave Birmingham New-street at 10.20 a.m. Returning from Milverton Station same evening at 7 p.m.
For Fares, &c., see bills.
On WEDNESDAY, Sept. 3rd, a SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN will leave Milverton Station, Warwick, at 5.50 p.m., and Avenue Station, Leamington, at 5.55 p.m., for Rugby, Market Harboro', Stamford, Northampton, Peterboro', Oxford, Cambridge, and London.
For particulars see bills.
G. FINDLAY.
Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station, August, 1879.

PORTSMOUTH ROYAL DOCKYARD REGATTA
and TRIP ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHEAP ONE-DAY EXCURSION from LONDON to PORTSMOUTH (for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, and Ventnor), Southampton (for Cowes and Newport), Winchester, &c., on MONDAY, 25th August, leaving Waterloo Bridge Station at 7.10 a.m. (from Kensington at 7.0, West Brompton 7.3 and Chelsea at 7.5 a.m.), calling at Vauxhall at 7.15 a.m., Clapham Junction at 7.22 a.m., Wimbledon at 7.29 a.m., Surbiton at 7.40 a.m., Walton at 7.50 a.m., Weybridge at 7.55 a.m., Woking at 8.6 a.m., Farnboro' at 8.22 a.m., and Basingstoke at 8.50 a.m., arriving at Southampton about 9.30 a.m., and Portsmouth Town about 10.25 a.m., and Portsmouth Harbour at 10.35 a.m., and returning the same day, from Portsmouth Harbour at 6.55 p.m., Portsmouth Town at 7.5 p.m., Southampton at 7.45 p.m., Basingstoke at 8.0 p.m., Winchester at 8.18 p.m., and Basingstoke at 9.0 p.m.; arriving in London about 10.40 p.m.
Steamboats run at frequent intervals from Southampton to Cowes, and from Portsmouth (Harbour Pier) to Ryde.
Fares to the above Stations (except Portsmouth Harbour) and back.
Second Class. Third Class.
7s. 6d. 5s. 0d.
Fares to Portsmouth Harbour and Back.
Second Class. Third Class.
8s. 0d. 5s. 6d.
A Steamer will leave Southampton at 10.15 a.m. to sail round the Isle of Wight, and will arrive back at Southampton in time for the return Excursion.
A Steamer will leave Portsmouth Harbour at 10.40 a.m. to sail round the Isle of Wight, and will arrive back at Portsmouth Harbour in time for the Return Excursion.
Children under 3 Years of Age, Free; 3 to 12 Years, Half-Fares.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS will run as under till further notice:—
EVERY SATURDAY.

1. To PLYMOUTH, Devonport, Tavistock (for Liskeard), Lيدford (for Launceston), Okehampton, &c., and (by new line) to Holsworthy (for Bude); also to Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, and Bideford, by fast train, leaving Waterloo Station at 9 a.m., Hammersmith (the Grove) 8.10, Kensington 8.20, West Brompton 8.32, Chelsea 8.34, Clapham Junction 8.51, and Surbiton 9.24 a.m.
2. To the WEST OF ENGLAND, Salisbury, Templecombe, the Somerset and Dorset Railway, Yeovil, Exeter, the North Devon Line, &c., by Special Train, leaving Waterloo at 8.40 a.m. (Hammersmith 8.15, Kensington 8.20), calling at Vauxhall 8.44 and Clapham Junction 8.55 a.m.
3. To WEYMOUTH, Dorchester, Lymington (for Freshwater), Bournemouth, Poole, Wimborne, &c., by Special Train, leaving Waterloo at 12.10 p.m. (Hammersmith 11.12, Kensington 11.48), calling at Vauxhall 12.15, and Clapham Junction 12.23 p.m.
Tickets of all the above Excursions available for return on the Monday week or Monday fortnight following the date of issue.
4. To ISLE OF WIGHT, Midhurst, Petersfield, Havant, Portsmouth Town, and Portsmouth Harbour (for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, and Ventnor), via the Portsmouth Direct Line, by fast Special from Waterloo at 1.15 p.m.; to Southampton (for Cowes and Newport), &c., by special from Waterloo at 1.35 p.m.; to Gosport, &c., by special from Waterloo at 1.25 p.m.; and to Salisbury, &c., by special from Waterloo at 1.5 p.m.; calling at Vauxhall and Clapham Junction (where passengers from Kensington join), at the following fares:—
To all Stations in Table No. 4 (except Portsmouth Harbour) and back.
First Class. Second Class. Third Class.
11s. 0d. 7s. 6d. 5s. 0d.
12s. 0d. 8s. 0d. 5s. 6d.
Available for return on the Tuesday following the date of issue.
DAY EXCURSIONS TO PORTSMOUTH and BACK at above fares.
EVERY SUNDAY leave Waterloo at 8.45, Kensington 8.24 a.m.
EVERY MONDAY leave Waterloo at 7.0, Kensington 6.5 a.m.
DAY EXCURSION TO ALDERSHOT CAMP and back, 4s. second, 3s. third class.
EVERY SUNDAY leave Waterloo 8.45, Kensington 8.24 a.m.
Tickets, handbills, and all information can be obtained at the South-Western Company's West-end Office, 30, Regent-street, Piccadilly-circus; and the City Office, Arthur-street West, London Bridge.
Handbills may be had at any of the Company's Stations or London Receiving Houses, or by post from the Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

YORK RACES, ON THURSDAY, 28th AUGUST.

An Additional EXPRESS TRAIN, conveying passengers, 1st, 2nd, or 3rd class, ordinary fares, will leave YORK at 5.50 p.m. for LONDON (King's Cross Station), calling at Doncaster, Retford, Grantham and Peterborough.
A SPECIAL TRAIN for the conveyance of horses will also leave York at 8.40 a.m. on THURSDAY 28th, and FRIDAY 29th August, for London, calling at Doncaster, Retford, Grantham, Peterborough, and Hitchin.
For further particulars see Bills, which may be obtained at the Stations.
HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.
London, King's Cross Station, August, 1879.

BRUSSELS, THE FIELD OF WATERLOO,
HOLLAND, the RHINE, SWITZERLAND, &c., via Great Eastern Railway.

The Boat Express leaves Liverpool-street station every weekday, at 8 p.m.
The Rotterdam Boat leaves Harwich every weekday, at 10 p.m.
The Antwerp Boat leaves Harwich every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10 p.m.
A comparison will show this to be the cheapest route.
London for Antwerp or Rotterdam and back £1 4 0
Rotterdam, Utrecht, Cologne, and back, via Brussels £2 13 0
Antwerp £4 9 3
Other equally cheap tours are arranged to all the principal Continental Cities, some of which include Paris.
The fares from Peterborough, Cambridge, or any Great Eastern station are the same as from London. Passengers from the northern and midland counties thus save the fare between Peterborough or Cambridge and London.
Passengers can break their journey at Harwich, where the company's hotel will be found replete with every comfort.
West-end office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly. Information and time tables free by addressing the Continental Office, Liverpool-street station, London, E.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—

TWO MONTHS and FORTNIGHTLY RETURN TICKETS are now issued to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Cromer, Aldeburgh, Harwich, Dovercourt, Walton-on-the-Naze, and Hunstanton.
SATURDAY TO MONDAY AT THE SEASIDE.
Every Saturday, first, second, and third class Return Tickets at Reduced Fares are issued by all trains from London to Hunstanton, Cromer, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Walton-on-the-Naze, Dovercourt, Harwich, or Aldeburgh, available for return by any of the advertised trains on any day up to and including the Wednesday following the day of issue.
A Special Excursion Train to Walton-on-the-Naze, Dovercourt, and Harwich, will leave the Liverpool-street Station every Sunday at 9.0 a.m., and every Monday (calling at Stratford), at 8.0 a.m. Fares—8s., 6s., 4s.
Broxbourne and Rye House every Sunday at 10.0 a.m., and every Monday and Saturday at 9.30 and 10.2 a.m., 12.45, and 2.45 p.m. Fares—3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d.
Epping Forest.—Excursion Tickets will be issued every Sunday and Monday to Woodford, Buckhurst Hill, and Loughton. Fares—2s., 1s. 6d., 1s. To Chingford—2s., 1s. 4d., 1s.
For full particulars see handbills and time books.
S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.
London, August, 1879.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1879.

FIRST and THIRD CLASS TOURIST TICKETS, available for TWO MONTHS, will be issued from May 1st to the 31st October, 1879.
For Particulars, see Time Tables and Programmes issued by the Company.
JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.
Derby, April, 1879.

BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE from LIVERPOOL
DIRECT.—Regular Sailings via SUEZ CANAL. First-class Passenger Steamers, fitted up expressly for the trade. Qualified Surgeons and Stewardesses carried.
From Glasgow. From Liverpool.
COLUMBIA Saturday, Sept. 6 Wednesday, Sept. 10
INDIA " " Sept. 27 " Oct. 1
TRINACRIA " " Oct. 18 " Oct. 22
ITALIA To follow. To follow.

First-class Fifty Guineas. Apply for berths, or handbooks, to Henderson Brothers, Union-street, Glasgow, and 17, Water-street, Liverpool; J. W. Jones, Chapel-walk, Manchester; Grindlay & Co., 55, Parliament-street, S.W.; or to Henderson Brothers, 19, Leadenhall-street, London, E.C.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.—
PROMENADE CONCERTS

Under the direction of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. Musical Director, Mr. Arthur Sullivan. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Cellier.
Every evening at 8. The following artists will appear during the week: Mlle. Dyna Beumer, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Annie Marriott, and Miss Mary Davies; Madame Mary Cummings, Miss Orridge, and Madame Antoinette Sterling; Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mr. F. King, Mr. Boyle, and Mr. Maybrick, Mr. Howard Reynolds. The orchestra consists of 85 performers. Leader, Mr. A. Burnett. Grand Selection from Bizet's successful Opera, "Carmen," for full Orchestra and Military Band, arranged expressly for these Concerts by Mr. Alfred Cellier. Monday next, Beethoven's Symphony in E flat (No. 3) (Eroica). Wednesday next, Classical night. Friday next, English night. Saturday next, Mlle. Essipoff, the celebrated Pianist, will make her first appearance this season.—Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d. to £4 4s. Dress Circle, 2s. 6d. Stalls, 2s. Promenade, One Shilling. Box-office open daily from 10 to 5.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—
This (SATURDAY) evening and six following evenings, Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN will appear as THE STRANGER. Messrs. J. Ryder, C. Harcourt, H. J. Turner, D. Fisher, Jun., C. Langley, Charles Cooper, &c., &c. Miss Rose Eyttinge, Miss E. Thorne, Miss B. Henri, Miss Millais, &c., &c. To conclude with A CUP OF TEA. Doors open at 7.30. Commence at 8.

MR. JOHN S. CLARKE. On Monday, August 25th, will be revived Coleman's Comedy of the HEIR-AT-LAW, originally produced at this Theatre. DOCTOR PANGLOSS, LL.D. and A.S.S., Mr. J. S. CLARKE. To conclude with THE WIDOW HUNT, also originally produced at this Theatre. MAJOR WELLINGTON DE BOOTS, Mr. J. S. CLARKE, Messrs. C. Harcourt, H. B. Conway, J. Ryder, H. J. Turner, B. Cullen, J. C. Buckstone, Weatherby, James, Rivers, &c. Misses Linda Dietz, B. Henri, Emily Thorne, E. Harrison. Doors open at 7.30, commence at 8. Box office open from 10 till 5. HAYMARKET THEATRE.

LYCEUM THEATRE.
MISS GENEVIEVE WARD'S Special Season.

FORGET-ME-NOT.
Every Evening at 8.30, by Messrs. Herman Merivale and F. C. Grove. STEPHANIE, MARQUISE DE MOHRIVART, Miss Genevieve Ward. Messrs. Forbes-Robertson, S. Calhaem, F. Tyars, &c., &c.; Mesdames Leigh Murray, Louise Willes, Eily Paton, Vere, &c. Preceded at 8.0 by MY WIFE'S DENTIST. Messrs. J. H. Barnes, W. Herbert, W. McIntyre, A. Andrews; Mesdames R. Phillips, Layton, and Lang. Box Office open daily 10 till 5. No fees. Doors open at 7.30, commence at 8.—Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. B. WEBSTER. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—Every Evening at 8, THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN. Messrs. Henry Neville, R. Pateman, F. W. Irish, E. J. George, F. Charles, H. Cooper, and Hermann Vezin; Mesdames Lydia Foote, Harriet Coveney, Maria Harris, and Clara Jecks. Preceded by JESSAMY'S COURTSHIP. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. Box Office open 10 to 5. No booking fees.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—114th and following
nights of THE GIRLS. Every Evening at 7.30, HOME FOR HOME; 8, an original modern Comedy in three acts, entitled THE GIRLS, by Henry J. Byron. Concluding with OUR DOMESTICS, in which Messrs. David James and Thomas Thorne will sustain their original characters. Supported by Messrs. Henry Howe, Thomas Thorne, Garthorne, Bradbury, Austin, L. Fredericks, Hargreaves, and David James; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.—CRUTCH and TOOTHPICK, and VENUS. Great success. Roars of laughter. Crowded houses. The doors will open at 7.30. Performance commence at 8 o'clock precisely with the enormously successful comedy, CRUTCH and TOOTHPICK, by Geo. R. Sims. Followed at 10, by VENUS, by E. Rose and A. Harris. Music by E. Solomon. Mesdames Nelly Bromley, Rose Cullen, Marie Williams, Alma Stanley, Edith Blande, Phoebe Don, Hastings, Emilie Cospey, &c.; Messrs. Edgar Bruce, Charles Groves, Carton, James, Saker, Solomon, Desmond, &c., and chorus. No booking fees.—Acting Manager, Mr. Augustus Harris.

EVANS'S,

COVENT GARDEN.

OPEN AT EIGHT.

Glees, Choruses, Madrigals and Part Songs by EVANS'S CHOIR
Conducted by Mr. F. JONGHMANS.
The body of the Hall is reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.
SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES.
ADMISSION 2s.

Proprietor J. B. AMOR.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.

Managers.—Messrs. HOLT and WILMOT.
Closed for eleven nights only, the stage being required for the reproduction of the enormously successful drama, NEW BABYLON, on a scale of magnificence hitherto unattempted at this theatre, and will reopen Saturday, Sept. 6th, being the anniversary of Messrs. Holt and Wilmot's management, the 200th night of NEW BABYLON, and return of the original company as patronised by T.R.H., the Prince and Princess of Wales. Box office open daily. No charge for booking.

CRITERION THEATRE.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHAS. WYNNDHAM BETSY, another genuine Criterion success. Every Evening, at 9, the new Comedy, in three acts, adapted from the French of MM. Hennequin and Najac, authors of THE PINK DOMINOS, by F. C. Burnand, Esq., entitled BETSY, in which Messrs. H. Standing, A. Maltby, Lytton Sothorn, George Giddens, and W. J. Hill; Mesdames Lottie Venne, Mary Rorke, A. Edgeworth, Maud Taylor, Fleury, and Stephens will appear. Preceded by, at 8, JILTED. Doors open at 7.30, commence at 8. Box-office open from ten till five daily. Free list totally suspended.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.
Every evening at 7.45, DRINK—a complete success. Mr. Charles Warner as Coupeau in the New Sensational Drama, DRINK, the only authorised version of the French play "L'Assommoir," by Charles Reade.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.
Return of Miss E. Faren, Mr. Terry, Miss Vaughan, and the whole Gaiety Company. Open at 7. Operetta at 7.10. Burnand's BOULOGNE at 7.30. Byron's LITTLE DR. FAUST at 9.30. Close at 11. Prices from 6d. No fees. Saturday, August 30, new Burlesque, HANDSOME HERNANI.

CANTERBURY.—ARIEL! ARIEL! ARIEL!

A new Grand Mystic and Poetical Ballet entitled ETHEREA, at 10.15, in which ARIEL appears in her wonderful Flying Dance and Magic Flights of 40 feet.

CANTERBURY.—ARIEL! ARIEL! ARIEL!

The Morning Post says: "Grace, ingenuity, and celerity are united in remarkable combination." "This performance is novel, pretty, and unique, and therefore well worth seeing."

CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES.—

Under Royal Patronage.—Entire change of VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT, commencing at 8. PAT'S PARADISE at 9. Miss Nelly Power, supported by Mlles. Ada, Broughton, Powell, and the Corps de Ballet.—Prices 6d. to £2 2s.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.—

Proprietor, Mr. T. G. CLARK.
Every evening at 7, the New and Successful Drama, by Henry Pettitt, entitled THE BLACK FLAG. Splendid scenery and effects. Characters by Messrs. James, Sennett, Symes, Monkhouse, Dobell, Parker, &c.; Mesdames Dora Vivian, Thomas, Denville, &c. Conclude on Monday, Friday, and Saturday with THE OLD SALT. Conclude Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday with MILES'S BOY. A Grand Flower Show on Monday and Tuesday.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—PRINCESS

OF TREBIZONDE.—Opera Bouffe. Artistes: Mesdames Constance Loseby, Emma Chambers, Carrie Braham and Alice May; Messrs. Furneaux Cook, Frank Hall, L. Kelleher, C. Power, Charles Collette. "Les Poupées de Cire," Automatic Ballet. To conclude with, at 10.30, LE CARNAVAL A VENISE. Mlles. Cavallazzi, Rosa, Th. de Gillet, and the Corps de Ballet. Commence at 7.30 with a farce Every Evening.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate.—Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. JOHN and RICHARD DOUGLASS.—The celebrated Criterion Comedy, PINK DNMINOES, supported by Mr. Charles Wyndham's specially-selected Company, Every Evening for 12 nights only.—Monday, Aug. 25th, and following evenings, at 7.15, PINK DOMINOES. Messrs. William Manning, A. Bucklaw, Ferry, D. Gaunt, Partlock, Campbell, and Henry Daere; Mesdames Jenny Beauville, Cutts, Kate Waldon, J. Grey, Pauline Beaufore, T. Waldon, and Laura Fane. Conclude with a comediietta.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.

Sole Proprietress—Mrs. S. LANE.
Every Evening (Wednesday excepted), Quarter to Seven, FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Evans, Bigwood, Chaiton, Reeve, Hyde; Mlles. Bellair, Adams, Rayner. Concert by Miss Ada Lundberg, Caythorn Brothers—Sisters Taylor. BARNARD DU VAL; Messrs. J. B. Howe, Drayton, Lewis, Towers, Payne, Mills. Mlles. Brewer, Summers, Newham. Wednesday—Benefit of Miss J. Summers.

MISS FOWLER,

of Drury Lane, Olympic, Royalty, Gaiety, and Haymarket Theatres, WILL COMMENCE A PROVINCIAL TOUR,

under the direction of
MR. GEORGE COLEMAN,
of the Olympic Theatre,
on
MONDAY, AUGUST 25th,

at the
THEATRE ROYAL, BRADFORD,

appearing in the great London successes,
NELL GWYNNE and SCANDAL.

THEATRE ROYAL, LEEDS,
Six Nights, September 1st.

THEATRE ROYAL, YORK,
Six Nights, September 8th.

LONDSEBOROUGH THEATRE, SCARBORO',
Six Nights, September 15th.

THEATRE ROYAL, HULL,
Six Nights, September 22nd.

THEATRE ROYAL, WEST HARTLEPOOL,
Six Nights, September 29th.

THEATRE ROYAL, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
Six Nights, October 6th.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE, EDINBURGH,
Six Nights, October 13th.

GAIETY THEATRE, GLASGOW,
Six Nights, October 20th.

PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER,
Six Nights, October 27th.

THEATRE ROYAL, HUDDERSFIELD,
Six Nights, November 3rd.

THEATRE ROYAL, PRESTON,
Six Nights, November 10th.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE, LIVERPOOL,
Six Nights, November 17th; Six Nights Vacant, November 24th.

OPERA HOUSE, LEICESTER,
Six Nights, December 1st.

THEATRE ROYAL, BRIGHTON,
Six Nights, December 8th.

Mr. T. Balfour. Mr. Bucholz.
Mr. Charles Cooper. Mr. George Vale.
Mr. C. Langley. Miss Jessie Mayland.
Mr. Graeme. Miss Emily Wallace.
Miss Robertha Erskine. Miss Helen Mathews.
Mr. W. H. Stephens. And
Mr. Elmore. Miss Fowler.
Of the Principal London Theatres.
Stage Manager, MR. GRÆME.
Agent in Advance, MR. A. BURNHAM.
For vacant date in November, address, W. H. Griffiths, 30, Tavistock-street, Covent Garden.

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THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS,
Regent's Park, are OPEN Daily (except Sundays), from 9.0 a.m. to Sunset. Admission 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d. The Band of the Royal Horse Guards, under the direction of Mr. Charles Godfrey, will, by permission of Lieut.-Colonel Owen L. C. Williams, perform in the Gardens at Four o'clock on every Saturday until the last Saturday in September. Among the latest additions are a Brown Hyena, a Striped Hyena, and three Mule Deer.

R O Y A L A Q U A R I U M,
WESTMINSTER.
Open from 11 a.m. till 11 p.m.
Universally acknowledged to be a wonderful Shillingsworth.
Always something new.
3.15. VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.
7.30. VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.
8.30. SECOND GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.
Attractions the Whole Day.
ROLLER, THE SWORD SWALLOWER.
LIGERO, THE PERFORMING BULL.
The Feature of the Season. Farini's Friendly Zulus. Gigantic success.
ADMISSION ONE SHILLING.

THE LATE MR. PHELPS, as "DR. CANTWELL," drawn from life by Matt. Stretch. A few proof copies on plate paper may be had, price One Shilling each, by post 1s. 1d. Apply to the Publisher, 148, Strand, London.

BLAIR ATHOL.

A FEW PROOFS ON FINE PLATE PAPER OF BLAIR ATHOL,
DRAWN BY

JOHN STURGESS,

Double-page size, price Two Shillings, may be had on application to the Publisher, 148, STRAND, W.C.

NOTICE.—STOCKTAKING.—BARGAINS.—

Messrs. JAY'S SUMMER SALE HAVING EXPIRED, A FEW SELECTIONS FROM UNSOLD STOCK WILL BE CLEARED OUT THIS AND FOLLOWING DAYS, AT REMARKABLY LOW PRICES.
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THE ILLUSTRATED**Sporting and Dramatic News.**

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

TREMENDOUS excitement reigned on Tuesday evening in Dieppe, as the natives saw a strange, weird-looking object being wheeled down the Plage in a hand-cart. Such Englishmen as passed took little notice, treating the thing quite as a matter of course; but then the phlegmatic temperament of Englishmen is well known. At length, before one of the houses the barrow stopped, and the Dieppoise watched while the mysterious affair was taken upstairs. Inhabitants of Albion who tried to ascertain the nature of the alarm recognised the object as a hip-bath; but long after it had disappeared the Dieppoise discussed among themselves who was ill, and what could be the sort of malady which necessitated such powerful and eccentric treatment.

THE American *Spirit of the Times* is supposed to be a trustworthy guide to all things sporting and dramatic on the other side of the Atlantic, and perhaps it may be. When it deals with English subjects, however, it is occasionally just a trifle misleading. Possibly the staff are out of town and have left deputies to do their work, for writers in the last number I have seen appear to have got hold of the wrong end of the stick with singular persistence. With reference to the Goodwood Cup, for example, the journal says, "Parole has not won the race, and John Bull has recovered his spirits. The victory of Isonomy has justified the odds (2 to 1 on Isonomy and 5 to 2 on Parole). We reserve comments and full details for our next issue." If the comments and full details are not nearer the mark than the summary, readers will not be much the wiser.

Parole was not a better favourite than Isonomy, as the New York paper seems to think, and the betting was 2 to 1 against Mr. Grettton's horse and 7 to 2 against the American animal. The operative news is just exactly as correct as the sporting intelligence. "The magnificent productions of *Aida* and *Il Re di Lahore* by the indomitable Colonel Mapleson had given him the decided advantage"—over Messrs. Gye—"at our last advices," it is recorded. "Our last advices" must have been very much mixed. I have been under the impression that *Il Re di Lahore* was produced at Covent Garden, and that the advantage was rather on the side of Messrs. Gye. Furthermore, the *Spirit* informs us that "Colonel Mapleson has secured another great baritone, M. Lassalle, as good as M. Rondil." Here again it has been generally supposed that Messrs. Gye had secured M. Lassalle, for certainly he sang at Messrs. Gye's theatre. Equally near the mark is the *Spirit's* account of the "overcrowded houses to see Minnie Hauk as Elsa." The *Spirit* is, as a rule, an excellent paper, but some of the contributors want looking after.

As Mr. Mapleson is going to America with a company, it is of course natural his friends should try to make out that Her Majesty's is the opera-house, and that the last season was a triumph. As a matter of fact the season at Her Majesty's was a succession of disappointments and broken promises, except when now and again one of the *prime donne* did what she was advertised to do and compensated by her efforts for weak places in the cast and a very poor chorus. The overcrowded houses were not perceptible to the naked eye nor even to the optic assisted by a powerful opera glass, and the cheap prices, &c., which Mr. Mapleson's friend in the *Spirit of the Times* lauds as proof of a triumph over the Royal Italian Opera, were in the best-informed quarters generally supposed to be tokens of the fact that Mr. Mapleson could not compete with Covent Garden on equal terms. Perhaps Mr. Mapleson will be able to tell his American friends why he failed to produce the new operas which he promised, including Boito's *Mefistofele*, Glück's *Armida*, Verdi's *Forza del Destino*, Rossini's *La Gazza Ladra*, and Wagner's *Rienzi*. He has not been able to account for this satisfactorily to his friends on this side of the water.

AN ingenious Frenchman who lived in Louisiana had a wife with a disagreeable habit of running away from him at irregular intervals. All was forgotten and forgiven, when, after a long and expensive search, the recalcitrant lady was found and brought home again; but on one occasion she was off and her whereabouts remained a mystery. Thereupon the ingenuity of her husband came into play. He went quietly home again, and just sent round a little notice to the papers, not to beg his erring and errant wife to return, but simply to announce that he had unexpectedly inherited a fortune of fifty thousand dollars. Two days afterwards Madame was at home again brimming over with penitence.

FIGURES can be made to prove anything, and by adroit treatment a certain young wife, who had, however, been certainly a younger wife some years before, was able—her other figure not contradicting her—to make out a very satisfactory account of her age. It was rude to ask her, but having been asked she knew how to reply. "When we were married," she informed the inquirer, "my husband was thirty and I sixteen. He is now sixty—we have doubled our ages in fact—and so I am thirty-two."

FECHTER's friends and acquaintances are naturally reviving recollections of the famous actor, and one of his most remarkable traits, his perfect coolness and presence of mind, comes prominently forward. On the first night of the *Dame aux Camellias*, an accident happened which will demonstrate this valuable peculiarity. On his entrance in the scene where the extraordinary hero brutally throws his purse to the no less extraordinary heroine, Fechter shut the door behind him with such violence that a couple of lamps were knocked off a table, the oil spilt, and a small conflagration began on the stage. Fechter, however, took no notice, though several of those present began to raise cries of alarm. He went on with the scene as if nothing had happened, and luckily the scenery did not catch fire. Some of the audience possibly thought it a new and disagreeably striking effect, but seeing that he was calm there was no rush for the doors; the fire burnt itself out, and no harm was done—except possibly to the morals of the audience that stayed to see the play.

Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT is to go to America, after all, according to journals published in the land of the free. The visit is to take place in September, 1880, and meantime the most adorable of actresses is to learn English—this, at least, is suggested—in order that she may be able to play occasionally in that vulgar tongue. For her services she is to receive £150 a day, and an extra £5 for expenses; besides which all her travelling expenses are to be paid; and with the amount of wardrobe necessary for a *Doña Sol*, a *Queen of Spain*, a *Mrs. Clarkson*, &c.—to say nothing of a *Hamlet*, a *Romeo*, a *Claude Melnotte*, a picture gallery, some few tons of statuary, &c.—luggage paid by the pound will mount up to something handsome in the course of the term. If she be tolerably careful, Mlle. Bernhardt seems to have a good prospect of reaping a modest competence for her old age.

In writing of a horse not very sensibly named "Winslow's Soothing Syrup," a sporting correspondent wants to know, "how can a beast with such a monstrous name as the second was cursed with ever be expected to win anything?" It would be satisfactory, perhaps, if only horses with obviously appropriate names ever won races, but it is none the less a fact that vile names sometimes manage to obtain winning brackets. If anything could have stopped a decently conducted horse it must have been, one would have thought, such a name as "Here-I-go-with-my-eye-out;" yet we find that in 1843 Lord George Bentinck insulted a well-bred two-year-old with that idiotic mean,

and that, after running last in a race with six competitors, as might have been expected, it was victorious in a match against one of Lord Glasgow's unnamed fillies, as might not have been expected. In the same year Colonel Peel's "I-am-not-aware" won three races out of six; but Sir Watkin Wynn's "Let-us-stop-awhile-says-Slow" was no good, and whoever christened "She-is-not-worth-a-Name" showed a nice appreciation of the beast's qualities.

How proud visitors to the Continent must be of the principal English comic paper as they see foreigners studying their *Punch*. The last number which has reached the place where I am spending a short holiday has a splendid specimen of Mr. Tom Taylor's notion of humourism—the picture which satirises those silly people who believe that a humble prayer to Heaven for fair weather is likely to do any good. It would not have occurred to the average editor that the Prayer Book was the best place to go to for low comedy; but then Mr. Taylor is not an average editor. Probably we shall next find a comic version of the New Testament. Yet, strange as it may seem to Mr. Taylor, there are some dull people who think that such pictures as the one referred to are disgraceful and blasphemous.

THE "biggest thing" ever done in the way of trotting is recorded from Chicago; a perfectly blind horse, named Sleepy Tom, being the hero. Before this meeting, the best time ever made for a mile in harness was by Rarus, who went that distance in the marvellously short time of 2min. 13½sec. Sleepy Tom, despite his blindness, has actually beaten this by a second. In a heat with Mattie Hunter, the horse did his mile in 2min. 12½sec., a record which is not likely soon to be passed. This says much for the sightless descendant of the once famous Pocahontas, and not a little for his driver. "The confidence which Sleepy Tom reposes in his driver," *Turf, Field, and Farm* says, "cannot be measured by words. It is of the absolute kind." Concerning Sleepy Tom's intelligence an interesting story is related. John Splan, his present driver, first took the horse in hand at an Ohio race meeting and lost the first two heats, to his great surprise. But one of the horse's former friends explained the mystery. "You don't understand him," his old driver said. "You must talk to him. When you come to a turn you must say, 'Turn, Tom!' and when you get on the home stretch say, 'Go, Tom! they are after us!' Say that and he'll win." Splan said it, and the gallant horse left his opponents far behind. The journal which tells the tale does not know whether it is true or not, but says this much is certain, that Tom and his driver are on very intimate terms, and the latter leans forward and talks to his pet all through the race.

RAPIER.

THE scarcity of pigeons on the Pacific Coast has brought out something new, and created a new industry. This is the shooting of the ordinary tree or house bat, and the industry developed is the catching of the half bird, half animal, for trap purposes. These "birds" by courtesy, although slow of flight, are not half so easily disposed of as many would imagine. Their crookedness of flight is more than the crookedness of Ah Sin in that historic game of euchre. You see your object when the trap is sprung, you take sight and pull the trigger, but your target has diverged at the sharpest of acute angles, and the bat no doubt chuckles to himself as to how he twisted off and fooled you. We have been there and fancy we know about it. If there are any who doubt the correctness of our conclusions, let them get a bat or two and try a hand at it. If they are not fooled we will step up and settle.

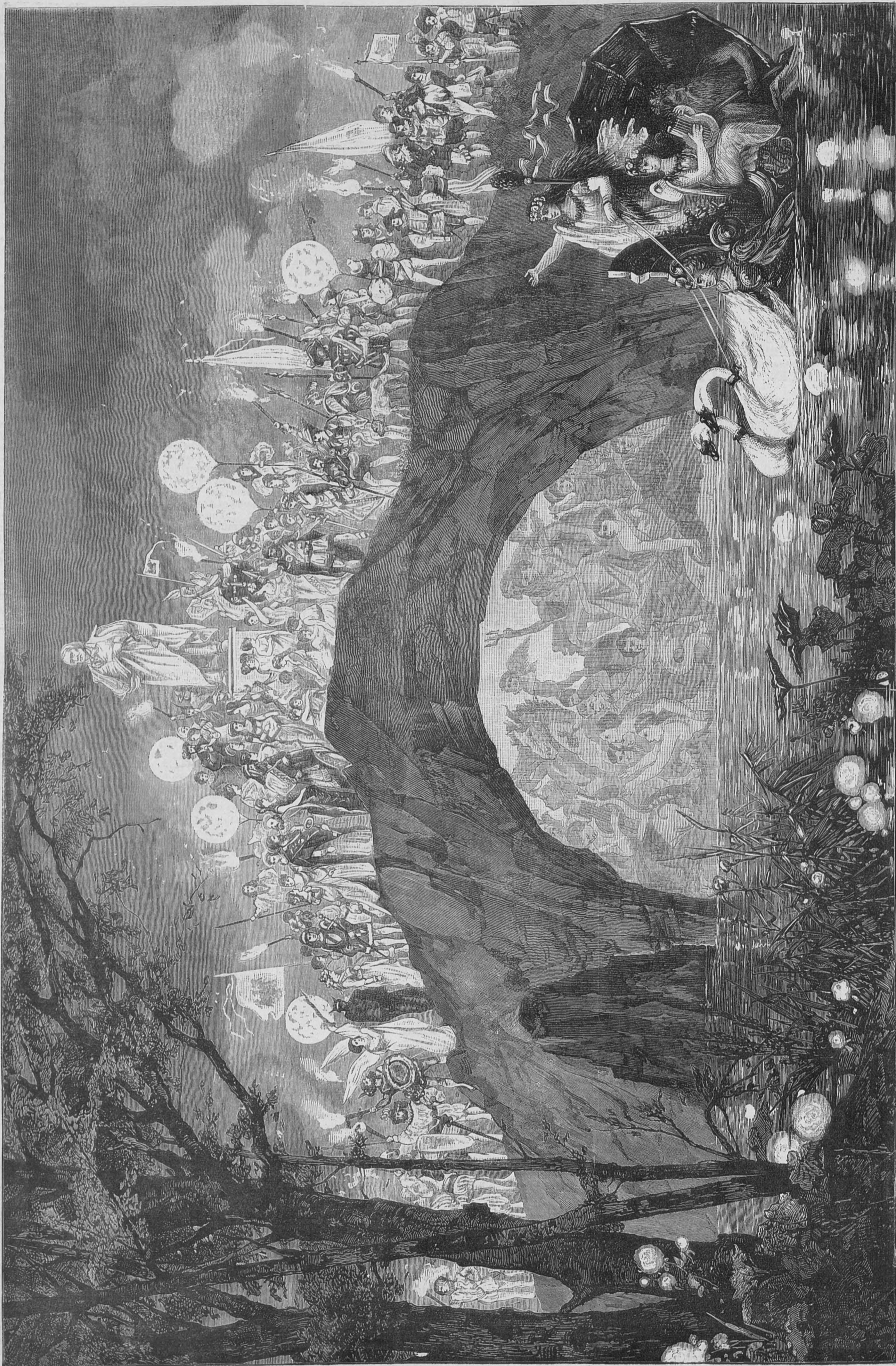
THIS being the season when game killed by shooting, and probably containing the pellets, is eaten, it may be worth while to caution those who consume the flesh of birds with avidity that the proportion of instances in which shot is found is probably small in comparison with the number of cases in which the pellets are unwittingly swallowed. It is a matter of speculation how much mischief a shot may do when passed into the intestines, but the fact that anomalous diseases have been set up by the presence of very small bodies which have become entangled in folds of the mucous membrane renders it desirable to put the public on their guard. Occasionally the most disastrous results have followed such small causes. We have in recollection the case of a physician who died, after prolonged and unexplained sufferings, from the impaction of a very small nail which had found its way into a pudding, and was inadvertently swallowed. A little care will avoid this contingency, but, remembering that the bird had been shot, some pains ought certainly to be taken to avoid swallowing the missile.—*Lancet*.

AFTER Fechter had made his *début* at the Théâtre Molière in the *Mari de la Veuve* he was taken to see Scribe. That very morning he had received two letters, one from the Academy announcing his admission to the concours de sculpture; the other from the Comédie Française, informing him that the committee would be glad to hear him the following day. Scribe took the letters, and after having read them, he said, taking a piece of money from his pocket and spinning it in the air, "Come, heads for the Theatre, tails for the Academy." The piece turned head upwards, and Scribe kept Fechter to dinner.

ONE of the crew of the Prince of Wales's yacht Hildergarde accidentally lost his life during a recent match at Jersey. His Royal Highness has, it is stated, directed an annuity of £24 a year to be paid to the deceased's widow, with an extra sovereign at Easter and Christmas, and has also insured the education of her children.

THE death of Mr. James Allett Leigh, one of the "poor brothers of the Charterhouse," occurred there, suddenly, on Sunday last. Mr. Leigh was formerly a country gentleman of fortune and estate. He was the son of the late Dr. J. Leigh, of Runnymede House, Langley, Bucks. Allett Leigh had moved in good society in Buckinghamshire early in the present century. His reminiscences of the Turf and the hunting field were the more attractive from his extensive acquaintance with the best families of the county. The deceased was in his 82nd year, and his fifth year of residence in the Charterhouse.

AN important private match is about to take place between Colonel Owen Williams's Enchantress and the Earl of Gosford's Cetonia for a thousand guineas on each side. The yachts will start from Cowes, from there around the Nab Light and back to Cowes, passing round Her Majesty's guard ship Hector, lying in Cowes Roads, twice round. This match is exciting as much interest here as was manifested when the celebrated American schooner appeared in these waters in 1851.



THE CORNELIUS FESTIVAL AT DUSSELDORF IN THE GARDEN OF THE MALKASTEN.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

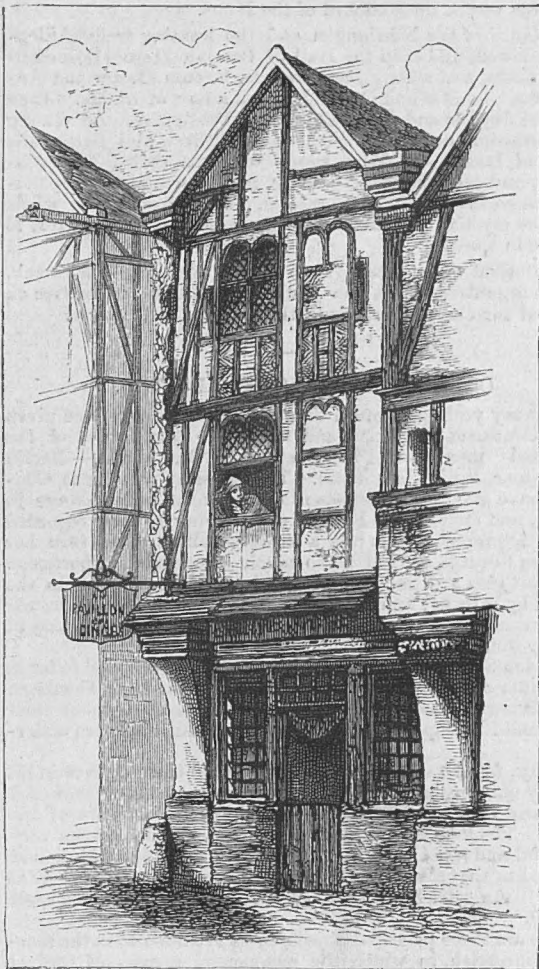
THE LATE MR. CHARLES FECHTER.

In our issue of the week before last we gave a brief account of the late Mr. Fechter's professional career, to which we now add his portrait in private attire, and in several of his principal parts. Mr. Fechter's death took place on the 8th instant at 6 o'clock in the evening on his farm near Quakertown, Pa., U.S.A. We have already spoken of his birth and parentage, and of the triumphs he achieved on the boards in Paris, Berlin, London and New York, in three languages. In the first-named city he was one of the foremost *jeunes premiers*, and created the leading male part in the well-known *Dame aux Camélias*. In this country his presence was hailed with great delight, the critics wrote rapturously of his finished natural style, his name was heard at every dinner table, and the theatre was nightly crowded by his thronging worshippers. The news that he was about to play Hamlet after his success in *Ruy Blas* created a wonderful degree of excitement, rumours sprang up in great clouds and travelled all over the land, it was to be such a Hamlet as the English stage had never seen; and, when he did appear, oh! what learning and research did the historic wise bestow in commendation of his appearance in a flaxen wig! How "truly Danish" did "the fair-haired prince" appear, and with what an air of ancient Scandinavia did his rude costume and that inspired flaxen wig invest him! Such was the rage for novelty that no one saw how utterly incongruous suggestions of barbarous times were with the character and surroundings of that polished gentleman, Hamlet, as Shakespeare created him.

Long as it is ago, we well remember the decided sensation Mr. Fechter made when he first acted in English on the boards of the Princess's Theatre; his apt statuesque posings, the varied modulations of his most expressive voice, the wonderful force and energy of his more passionate utterances, and the powerful meaning he so often conveyed in a single glance of his bright keen eyes. Despite his foreign accent, every word was clearly and distinctly heard, and the sound he gave each blended to heighten the finished effect of an entire speech with a subtlety of combination artistic in the highest degree. No actor ever suited the action to the word with more complete harmony; the one seemed the natural reflex of the other, never degenerating into extravagance, and always in exact keeping with the tone and sentiment of the situation. In those days we knew nothing about a kind of "acting" now common—that which consists of quiet, commonplace utterances, coldly divested of all feeling and force of expression, never rising to the height of the passionate, nor recognising the subtle influences of united action, sound, and meaning in artistic action. There was nothing of that in Mr. Fechter's acting. We certainly recognised the art of it, and knew that it was such art as could only have been mastered by long patient study and practice, but if art never quite concealed art as it did in the more spontaneous acting of a Siddons or a Garrick, yet it was never obtrusive, and was very far from degenerating into that coarse, vulgar, staginess which sometimes assumes its vocation. As to that other kind of acting, it is true that in that, too, we do not recognise art, but it is for the simple reason that there is no art in it, and consequently none to conceal.

In melodrama Mr. Fechter was decidedly at home. His *Ruy Blas* was a piece of acting intensely romantic and picturesque. In *The Corsican Brothers* he strongly defined the contrasting personal characters of the twins with remarkable realistic skill never confusing their individuality, or for a moment confounding one with the other. In *The Duke's Motto* his power was strongly demonstrated, poor as that successful play was from an artistic or literary view-point; and even in that most extravagantly melodramatic nightmare, *Bel Demonio*, Mr. Fechter succeeded in making his audience overlook its prominent defects

away much of that obscurity with which heavy English tradition-holding tragedians had invested the character, simplifying some of the business in important scenes, and giving more powerful colouring to Hamlet's awful reverence for his father's memory, the deeply affectionate nature of his grief for him, and the irrepressible tenderness and intensity of his love for Ophelia. In Iago his conception was said by older playgoers than ourselves to be very near akin to that of Edmund Kean, and in our estimation it took rank with his Hamlet, although most of the critics, if we are not mistaken, awarded it a higher position. It was, as we remember it, a performance of thrilling power, rousing a perfect whirlwind of detestation among the gods, although without a touch of that coarse, loudly obtrusive villainy which makes one wonder at the blindness and stupidity of those whom such a shallow knave could so easily deceive.



THE BIRTH PLACE OF MOLIERE

Mr. Fechter was a great lover of field sports. In his early days he was passionately fond of both shooting and angling. As he grew older (says an American contemporary) the taste remained, yet so corpulent of body did he become that walking became irksome, and tramping over the stubbles and splashing over the bed of a shallow stream were, perforce, things of the past. Loving the country ardently, he at last looked upon his artistic career chiefly as a means of improving and enjoying his country home, purchased some years since on the line of the North Pennsylvania Railroad, two hours' ride from Philadelphia. He retired there to read, study, smoke, drink, and trace his triumphs over again in the scrap-books and albums containing relics of his palmy days. Of all these relics those pertaining in his long and intimate friendship with the late Charles Dickens were most valued. His new home was not a grand house by any means. Mansion would be at once too large and too cold a name for it. It is a good old-time country house, set back about twenty feet from the highway, with a clean white fence in front of it, its walls plastered with Portland cement and festooned with creeping cobia vines, two large plate-glass windows on each side, and in the centre of the grass-plot in front a good, honest pump, from whose wooden spout, on a vigorous application of the handle, pours a stream of sparkling spring-water. There is no step from the green to the first floor, which is exactly level with it; the door is opened, and you pass at once from the lawn to the parlour. Here was the summer sitting-room of the famous actor. Against the wall are arranged five pieces of firearms, a sufficient indication of one method by which he whiled away the vacation months. One is a very fine Remington rifle, then there is one single-barrelled and two double-barrelled shot-guns and a *petite* single-barrelled piece. In a large cabinet against the opposite wall are two fine fishing-rods, numerous reels and lines and fly boxes, and all the latest eccentricities in angling inventions. As a disciple of Piscator, Fechter was also a great success. It follows, as a matter of course, that so good a sportsman kept some good dogs. His kennel consisted of five dogs—a wicked-looking Scotch terrier, a superbly-trained setter, an Italian greyhound, and a noble Newfoundland—a big fellow that looks like the ideal canine of heroic story. There he passed a great deal of his time, and there, on Tuesday, August 5, he died. Our portrait of Mr. Fechter is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF MOLIERE.

The greatest comic dramatist the world has known and the greatest dramatic tragic poet have this in common, a seemingly careless disregard as to the preservation of their works, and the reception posterity might award them. Shakespeare gave no care to the printing or publication of his plays, nor did Molière to his. There are other points of similarity in the characters of the two great playwrights. For instance, Molière thought meanly of his professional work as one of mere passing amusement, and we all remember the famous sonnet in which Shakespeare speaks with contempt of his mean and "motley" task of affording questionable amusement. And yet upon how lofty a pinnacle has posterity placed both the men and their works! Enthusiastic thousands visit the tomb and birthplace of Shakespeare year by year and travel hundreds of miles to see them, and although the ashes of Molière were long

since scattered and lost, loving and diligent research is constantly devoted to the gathering together and preservation of everything that can directly or indirectly throw light upon his life and character.

In the year 1621 Jean Poquelin married Maria Cressé. The registers of their betrothal and marriage on April 25th and 27th respectively, preserved amongst documents belonging to the parish church of St. Eustache, are still extant. Jean and Maria were both residents in Paris, and both their families—also Parisians—were prosperous upholsterers. Poquelin then resided in a house standing at the angle of the streets Saint-Honoré and Vieilles Etuves, which being adorned with some very ancient sculpture was then called *Maison de Cingés*. In this house on the 15th of January, 1622, was born the eldest son of Jean and Maria, to whom the father's Christian name was given. Little Jean was very young when his mother died, and his father married again. The new wife made the lad's home unhappy, and to console and strengthen him in enduring such unhappiness little Jean's kind old maternal grandfather took him in the intervals of upholstering to see the King's tragedians perform. And thus were sown those histrionic seeds which afterwards grew so strong and blossomed so beautifully. At the age of twenty-two Jean Baptiste went on the stage and, to avoid disgracing the great family of upholsterers by his ignoble calling, called himself Molière—a surname to which a popular dancer and musician, who also wrote novels, had already given fame. The company of players which he joined was known in Paris as that of the "*L'illustre Théâtre*," and the manageress of it was one Madeline Béjart, who had been the mistress of the Marquis of Modène, *gentilhomme ordinaire de monsieur*, brother of Louis XIII. With her were Joseph, her brother, Geneviève, her sister, two playwrights, Denis Beys and Desfontaines, Jean Baptiste Poquelin, and nine others.

But the struggles and triumphs, honours and degradations, hardships, miseries, jollity, and enjoyment of Molière's most picturesque and romantic histrionic career have nothing to do with the old house in which he was born. He probably came back to it and made it his residence for a time in 1660, when the death of his brother elevated him to the post of *tapisier valet-de-chambre*.

Madame Poisson, who, when very young, saw Molière, described him as follows:—

"He was neither too stout nor too thin, his stature was rather tall than short, his carriage was noble, and he had a remarkably good leg. He walked measuredly, had a very serious air, a large nose, an ample mouth, with full lips, brown complexion, and eyebrows black and thick, while the varied motion he gave to these latter rendered his physiognomy extremely comic."

RESTORATION OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

The Théâtre Français has been improved and redeccored with a lavish hand. The internal decorations of the house will well-nigh eclipse those of the Grand Opera itself. The artistic designs for the ceiling, which, were intrusted to M. Mazerolle, are exceedingly rich in colour and effect, and most appropriate, the subjects selected affording ample scope for breadth and variety of treatment, while the eye never travels beyond the legitimate domain of the art which it is intended to emblazon. In the centre of the composition is an allegorical figure of France, with Molière on her left and Corneille and Racine on her right, in the act of distributing to each of them a golden wreath as the symbol of immortality. Molière's chief characters are personified round about them, standing on marble steps—Alceste and Célimène, Trissotin and Philaminte, Belise and



THE LATE MR. CHARLES FECHTER.

and weaknesses. There was an impressive solemnity in his personation of Edgar in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, a really excellent drama of its kind, and as Fanfan in *The King's Butterfly*, and in many another play of the same order, did he who has gone for ever stir the heart and feelings of delighted playgoers.

In tragedy Mr. Fechter's triumphs were less notable. His Othello was disfigured by the introduction of ingenious little tricks and devices intended to startle or surprise, which were altogether destructive of that calm simplicity and grandeur of action which is characteristic of our great poet's work. It lacked dignity, breadth, and intellectual refinement. There was much in it that was original in conception and effect; many of the commonly recognised points received fresh force and new meanings from delicate suggestiveness of sounds and gestures; he rendered the inner depths of feeling with great intensity, and gave the more tender and pathetic phases of the part with a show of impulse and emotion which was very touching. But as a whole his tragic acting never rose to the poetic grandeur of Shakespeare's wonderful creations. In *Hamlet* he came nearer to the lofty standard of a truly great actor, clearing



M. CHABRAL.

Architect of the Comédie-Française.

Mascarille, Scapin and Géronte, Sganarelle, Marinette, and Gros René, Don Juan, Tartuffe, Elmire, M. Jourdain, Dorimène, Dorante, Agnès, Arnolphe, Argan, Sosie, and others. At the angles may be seen Jupiter and Mercury in their cloudy seats, midway between earth and heaven, forming a happy transition to the higher regions in which the works of the two great tragedians are symbolised. On our right are those of Corneille—Polyeucte, Cinna, Le Cid, L'Amour et Psyché, Attila, and Horace; and on our left the masterpieces of his rival—Iphigénie, Nérone, Junie, Athalie, Phèdre, and Esther. Hovering in the blue ether above are Apollo and the Muses. Altogether, this fine composition comprises 110 figures, the majority of them rather more than life-size, and covers a surface of 360 square yards. These and other alterations, including increased sitting accommodation, will entail an outlay on the society's funds of £10,000. On this page is a portrait of the architect to whom the general superintendence of the entire work has been entrusted.

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THE LATE M^R FECHTER
in some
of his
Principal
Characters.



"DUKE'S MOTTO"



"BEL DEMONIO"



HAMLET



"DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN,"

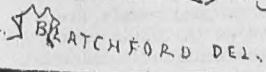


"RUY BLAS"



"IAGO"

G. Betch
August
1879



AFTER THE SEASON.

TURFIANA.

The few days between Ascot and Stockbridge are not particularly lively, there is very little to attract the racing man between Doncaster and the First October Meeting, but, for genuine unadulterated dulness, commend us to the dreary time between the conclusion of the Sussex fortnight and the ringing of the first saddling bell on the Knavesmire. Egham, Windsor, Redcar, Stockton, Oxford, Sutton Park, Dover, &c., are all very well in their way, still very few crack performers appear there, and plating—excellent, no doubt, as plating, but still only plating after all—reigns supreme. The very first race at Windsor, however, was not in this category, for Early Morn, with his Lewes honours thick upon him, was sent to run for the Park Stakes, and a 4lb penalty and the presence of eight opponents did not frighten backers from laying a shade of odds upon him. We doubt if he is the most generous horse in the world, and he never had the least chance of giving the 10lb to Valentino. The latter, who is by Suffolk out of Mabile, came out at Ascot with a great reputation, but succumbed to Lancaster Bowman. Since then his friends have three times backed him heavily, but a second and two thirds have been their only reward, though, as he has only succumbed to animals like Douranee and Gil Blas, his running, at any rate, has been consistent. The handsome Tribute took the Forest Handicap Plate for Lord Rosebery, who also threw in for another small stake with Cipolata. On the Friday, as on the previous day, the best race was set first. This was the Clewer Stakes, for which the Duke of Hamilton started his flying filly, The Song, and though she won cleverly at the finish, yet Buschklepper, a colt belonging to Count Festetic, who was in receipt of 7lb and sex allowance, fairly made her gallop at one period of the race, and caused the layers of 9 to 2 on her to feel very uncomfortable. Dominica (6st 10lb), ridden by little Greaves, won the Windsor August Handicap for Mr. Gretton, and a dead-heat between Leith and Dunmow, which was not run off, brought a successful meeting to a close. There was a capital attendance at Redcar, and the meeting derived a little extra importance from the appearance of Robbie Burns, the luckless victim of disqualification at Liverpool, who is talked of as possessing a rough outside chance for the Leger. Eirene, by Adventurer out of Armistice, who came from Newmarket with a good reputation, had no difficulty in disposing of her five opponents for the Third Kirkleatham Biennial Stakes, which was the only race on the first day upon which we need touch. Robbie Burns was opposed by Reconciliation, Coromandel II., and two others in the Second Kirkleatham Biennial on the Friday, and, though he won very easily at the finish by three lengths, his performance did not particularly impress those who witnessed it. He was receiving 6lb and sex allowance from the roaring Reconciliation, and yet it seemed to take him a very long time to settle her, while the form of Coromandel II. has been so bad since her fluky second in the Oaks, that no credit can be claimed for beating her. Still he is a good advertisement for Martyrdom; and Bambola, a daughter of the same young sire, won the Wilton Plate on the same day, defeating Princess Bladud, who showed some form earlier in the season, and five others. Old Kineton journeyed to Paisley, and brought home the time-honoured Silver Bells for Lord Rosebery, the break-down of Clearhead leaving him a virtual walk-over.

The Stockton Meeting, which began on Tuesday, promised fairly well, as we were to have a look at a couple of St. Leger outsiders, and there were one or two "dark" two-year-olds engaged, of whom report spoke highly. A good many improvements have been effected since last year in the stands and enclosures; but the course, always inclined to be heavy, had suffered a good deal from the recent wet, and was most suggestive of reversals of public form. Robbie Burns was only opposed by Mr. Vyner's pair—Mycenæ and Fabius—in the Twenty-second Zetland Biennial; but he was not nearly so good a favourite as Mycenæ, whom Archer rode. In the Ascot Stakes, for which he finished second, Mycenæ had proved himself to be about the same horse as Bay Archer, and, as he was in receipt of 13lb from Robbie Burns, backers were fully justified in their outlays. Fabius made the running at a good pace, and "Robbie" appeared to be in trouble a long way from home; but he struggled on, and, catching the favourite inside the distance, fairly wore him down, and won easily at last by a couple of lengths. Immediately after passing the post Mycenæ had an attack of staggers, "his custom always of an afternoon," for it will be remembered that the same thing occurred at Ascot. This second victory brought Robbie Burns to 30 to 1 for the St. Leger. We fancy that he is a little deficient in speed, but a rare stayer and a very game colt; still, unless he can improve a great deal on his Liverpool form, where his two races make him one and the same horse as Disoord, he will have to be content with the fourth or fifth place at Doncaster. Hardrada, being "i' the vein" for once, secured a race for Lord Zetland; and then rather a good-class handicap field turned out for the Stockton Tradesmen's Handicap. Jagellon (7st 11lb) was very heavily backed, but ran so badly that his chance for the Ebor was quite extinguished. At the distance, Roehampton (8st 10lb) and Carillon (6st 5lb) came away from their field, and a capital race here resulted in favour of the heavy-weight, who, it is pretty plain, would have won the Northumberland Plate but for the unfortunate accident that happened to him in the course of the race. A 9lb penalty effectually stopped Bonnie Maiden in the Cleveland Stakes, which went to Tuscarora, a colt that had hitherto performed very indifferently.

The heavy rain which fell all the previous night made the course worse than ever on Wednesday, and, in many places, the horses had to splash through pools of water. The first interesting item of a decidedly attractive programme was the Lambton Plate, in which nothing was backed but Teviotdale, so there was a rare cheer from the ring when Fordham came with Pride of the Highlands at the Stand, and, getting up in the last few strides, won by a neck. He had no sooner left the scale than he was objected to by Osborne for being 4lb short of weight. The conditions were clear enough—"colts, 9st; fillies and geldings, 8st 10lb; maidens allowed 7lb"—so it was unpardonably careless of whoever was in charge of Mr. Bowes's horses to tell Fordham to weigh out at 8st 3lb. Of course, the objection was fatal, but those who backed Pride of the Highlands must console themselves with the reflection that, with the proper weight on his back, he would never have caught Teviotdale. Those who took stock of Palmbearer prior to the Great Northern Leger noted that he did not appear more than half fit, and by no means in a condition to gallop a mile and a half through such terribly holding ground; but his second in the Derby was quite enough for nine backers out of every ten, and they laid odds on him without remorse. Fully half a mile from home they saw that their money was hopelessly gone, and a pretty race between Rycerski and Khamseen resulted in favour of the former. He is a colt by Knight of the Garter out of Klarinska, and had never previously run; but he had so much trouble in getting rid of the moderate Khamseen that we fear he will never do any great credit to Mr. Bowes's famous "black and gold." Either Eirene is very smart indeed, or her eight opponents in the Hardwicke Stakes were a very moderate lot,

for she had no difficulty in conceding a stone to the majority of them. Pride of the Highlands was second to her, and though he probably had not recovered from the effects of his race through the mud only an hour previously, still, he was getting 13lb, to say nothing of sex allowance. He is an own brother to Reconciliation, and, if he escapes the plague of roaring, may possibly train on into a useful colt, as most of the stock of old Orange Girl can race a bit. The everlasting Grand Flaneur, who when in the humour seems quite indifferent to weight, wound up a good day's sport by cantering off with the Wynyard Handicap Plate.

Turning to future events, there seems every prospect of a capital meeting at York next week, and this in spite of the collapse of the Ebor Handicap. At first there appeared likely to be a good race and good betting; but no sooner did Mr. Gretton expose his hand, and virtually declare to win with Isonomy, than a regular panic set in, which seemed to spread from the owners to the horses, as the latter immediately began to meet with accidents, which will preclude them from facing the champion next Wednesday. Il Gladiatore, who had been backed pretty freely, developed "a leg" and was scratched; the same fate overtook Clearhead, who was generally pronounced to be about the best handicapped horse in the race, and Roehampton and Moorfoot also pegged out. Then Cherterton (7st 12lb) has been absent from exercise for the last two or three days, while Glangarry (7st 11lb), the whilom favourite, is on the walking list, so the chances of both may be set down as hopeless. It is useless to attempt a list of probable starters and jockeys, as the race seems fast resolving itself into a match between Mr. Gretton and Lord Rosebery. Little can be gathered from the solitary performance of Mar at Egham last week, and he may be one of the best three-year-olds in training; still our first ideas of the Ebor were decidedly in favour of Antient Pistol (7st 10lb), and as we know that he is much inferior to his stable companion at their respective weights, we must plump for

ISONOMY.

who proved at Ascot that a severe gallop through mud half-a-foot deep, is "a little holiday to him." On Tuesday the Produce Stakes will probably be a walk over for Reconciliation; while the Convivial Stakes looks a good thing for Mask. We believe that Lord Falmouth intends to send the favourite for the Leger to fulfil one or both of her engagements, and, should she run, we must stand *Wheel of Fortune* for the Yorkshire Oaks, though she will have to concede a stone to the "dark" Maecaronea, an own sister to Beaulere, of whom report speaks very highly. Such a ragged lot are engaged in the Twenty-third Biennial that, even with the certainty of an attack of staggers thrown in, we are compelled to go for *Mycenæ*. On Wednesday, Bend Or, Gil Blas, Brother to Ersilia, and Ambassadors are the best of a capital entry for the Prince of Wales's Stakes. Lord Falmouth's filly will receive 13lbs from the others, but even that advantage will scarcely enable her to beat *Bend Or*. The Ebor St. Leger appears to be between *Robbie Burns* and *Ruperra*, and Mr. Houldsworth's colt has so often disappointed us this season that we shall stand the former. There is a very week contingent in the Twenty-fourth Biennial, which may fall to *Mr. Savile's selected*, and the same remark applies to the Filly Sapling Stakes, which *Zuleika* may prove good enough to win. On the third day *Isonomy* cannot well miss the York Cup, if it is decided to run him; *Marce Antony* ought to secure the Gimcrack Stakes, and the Great Yorkshire Stakes is at the mercy of *Wheel of Fortune*.

SKYLARK.

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

GLOUCESTER v. Middlesex concluded on Saturday, the result being a draw. Some wonderful batting took place, nearly the whole of the two elevens getting double figures. Middlesex opened proceedings and secured no fewer than 476 in their first essay, A. J. Webbe making 122, and four others exceeded the half century. Although Messrs. Gilbert and Grace made 99 and 85 respectively, the others were only enabled to bring the total up to 320 for Gloucestershire's opening essay, and being 156 to the bad they had to follow on, and when the stumps were drawn they had secured 267 with three wickets to fall, W. G. Grace being not out 81. This was an irreproachable innings compiled without a mistake, and included 5 fours 7 threes and 9 twos. As the match is one that will go down to posterity as one of the highest scoring ones we have witnessed, I append the score in full.

MIDDLESEX.

| | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|----------------------------------|-----|
| Hon. A. Lyttelton c and b Mid- | 20 | T. S. Pearson b W. G. Grace | 8 |
| winter | | H. R. Webbe l b w, b Townsend | 52 |
| C. I. Thornton c E. M. Grace b Mid- | 41 | C. T. Studd l b w, b Midwinter | 33 |
| winter | | A. J. Ford c Gilbert b Midwinter | 2 |
| W. J. Ford c E. M. Grace b Gil- | 74 | A. H. Stratford not out | 55 |
| bert | | J. Robertson b W. G. Grace | 0 |
| A. J. Webbe c Midwinter b Town- | 122 | B 5, 1 b 7, w 2 | 14 |
| send | | | |
| I. D. Walker c Bush b Midwinter | 55 | Total | 476 |

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

| | | | |
|--|----|----------------------|----|
| W. G. Grace c Robertson b W. Ford | 85 | not out | 81 |
| W. R. Gilbert b Studd | 99 | run out | 22 |
| Midwinter c Pearson b Stratford | 28 | c W. J. Ford b Studd | 10 |
| E. M. Grace c Pearson b A. J. Ford | 22 | b A. J. Ford | 5 |
| W. O. Moberly c A. J. Ford b Robertson | 28 | c Studd b A. J. Ford | 34 |
| G. F. Grace c Lyttelton b A. J. Ford | 14 | c W. J. Ford b Studd | 0 |
| F. Townsend c A. J. Ford | 0 | 1 b w, b W. J. Ford | 71 |
| J. Cranston st Lyttelton b Studd | 23 | not out | 18 |
| Rev. Hattersley Smith b Robertson | 0 | | |
| H. W. R. Gribble not out | 10 | c Pearson Studd | 10 |
| J. A. Bush b Studd | 6 | | |
| B. | 5 | B 11, 1 b 3, n-b 2 | 16 |

Total 320 Total 267
Surrey made a terrible exhibition of Kent at Kennington Oval on the concluding days of last week, winning by an innings and one run to spare. For the victors A. Shuter, 65; L. J. Shuter, 45, and Humphrey 57, were top scorers, F. A. McKinnon, 26 and 66, being principal run getter for the losers. Full score: Surrey, 281. Kent, 89 and 191.

A. S. Duncan made 111, not out, for M.C.C. against Gentlemen of Sussex at Brighton, and for the home team A. Sclater was not out 60, the match resulting in a draw.

Although their total was but 110, Notts beat Derbyshire in the return match at Derby on Monday and Tuesday last, the "Lambs" getting their opponents out for 59 and 36, very poor form for a county match, the highest contributor on either side being A. Shrewsbury, 27. Shaw took five wickets for 42 runs, and Morley fourteen for 47.

Old Trafford Ground, Manchester, was crowded last Saturday, it being estimated that quite 12,000 persons witnessed the final day's play in the Notts v. Lancashire match. It resulted in a draw, Lancashire making 184 for one innings, and Nottinghamshire 162 and 174, with two wickets to fall.

Very poor form was shown by Northampton in their match against Leicester, at the Aylestone-road, on Monday and Tuesday. The "shoemakers" only made 28 in either innings, whilst, thanks to a good score of 83 by Wheeler, the home team compiled 221.

Edgar Willshire has given up the office of head ground keeper at Lord's Ground.

Yorkshire v. Gloucestershire, being the opening match of the Cheltenham week, ended on Wednesday evening in a draw.

Yorks made 135, and 63, for the loss of one wicket, and Gloucester 269. For the latter Midwinter and F. Grace each made 50, and on behalf of the Tykes, Emmett was top scorer with 44.

Surrey v. Sussex, owing to the unfavourable weather on Tuesday and Wednesday, had to be abandoned, the scores being, Surrey 188, of which J. Shuter made 110; Sussex 80 for four wickets.

Incogniti just beat Suffolk in their match at Bury St. Edmunds mounds on Monday and Tuesday, making 210 and 98 against 207 and 93—a close fit. The Rev. A. G. Lee played a fine innings of 117 for the losers.

Young George Edlin had to succumb to Bradley Keen on Saturday last in their match for fifty sovs. at the Aylestone Grounds, Leicester, the brother to the champion winning just as he liked, although Edlin's party just before the start laid odds on him.

E. T. Jones won the Northern Swimming Championship at Hollingworth Lake, on Saturday last, by a yard, from Robert Wilson, of Paisley; J. M. Taylor, of Rochdale, and Thomas Knowles, of the same place, being the other competitors.

A more convenient spot for a swimming competition than the Lake in South Norwood Park could not be chosen, and those who did not journey there on Saturday last lost a great treat. I should be sorry to say how many persons were assembled on the banks, but there was a rare company, the ladies being especially conspicuous, arrayed in all the colours of the rainbow. Some of the costumes were very elegant; the ruby-coloured trimmings were, however, most prominent. There were many very attractive beauties there, the whole of Norwood having evidently been placed under tribute. Horace Davenport, the champion, won the Five Hundred Yards Open Handicap from scratch; F. W. Burnand, Harlequin F.C., 22sec, the Hundred Yards Race; F. W. Ledger, 12sec, the Members' 250 Yards Handicap; H. Eyre, Norwood S.C., the Plunging Under Water; Fell, of Norwood, the Boys' Race, Brumlen the Consolation Race, and W. R. Hickey and J. J. Rope divided the honours of the Pole Walking and Duck Hunt.

Deal was *en fête* on Monday last, when the Annual Regatta took place, and although rain fell heavily during the early morning, it cleared up about noon, and a most enjoyable afternoon's sport took place. The Early Morn, of Deal, John May, cox., won the Sailing Match for Second-class Luggers; R. Weatherhead, of Folkestone, the Single-handed Skiffs; F. Lilley, of Kingdown, the Deal Boatman's Race; G. Bayley, of Deal, the Coast Sailing Punt, the Bo Peep, of Hastings; H. W. Bragg, the Four-oared Regatta Galleys; J. Bailey, of Deal, the Pair-oared Skiffs; the Minotaur, of Deal, Thomas Parsons, master, the Sandwich Stakes for Sailing Galley Punt; the Van Kook, of Deal, R. Wilds, the Lifeboat Race; the Elizabeth, of Deal, the Four-oared Service Galleys for Amateurs; the May Flower, of Folkestone, the Pier Stakes for Regatta Galleys; and H. Bailey, of Deal, won the Single-handed Paddle Punt Race. There was also a match between two ten-oared cutters manned by non-commissioned officers and privates of the Royal Marines, the Victory, Walmer, Provost Sergeant Barton beating the Lively, Sergeant Ryder, by four lengths.

A. Barratt's Sculling Handicap at Chelsea is progressing favourably.

A rare meeting took place at Ladywell on Saturday, when the Ravensbourne Club held their annual sports, but the handicapping was far from good. J. M. Cowie, S.L.H., 53yds, won the Open "Hundred"; J. Hamilton, Druids B.C., the Bicycle Handicap from scratch. Cowie also took the Quarter, with 28yds start; and H. D. Thomas, of the Blackheath Harriers, 10yds start, won the Mile Handicap. In the members' events, J. S. Kistruck, W. J. Cowley, W. Morley, J. Gowans, J. S. Clarkson, and G. H. Macfarlane were successful.

England, represented by G. Graham and W. McGregor, beat Scotland, championed by James Armour and Robert Walkinshaw in a Quoit Match, 41 shots up, at North Woolwich Gardens, by 12 points.

Mr. W. Holland's Handicap Quoit Match was won by J. Armour, on Saturday last.

EXON.

BEFORE Mr. Justice Stephen, Vacation Judge, an application was made on the 20th inst., on petition by Messrs. Tattersall, for a compulsory order to wind up the Stud Company (Limited), when his lordship made the following order:—"The hearing of the petition to stand over for a week to enable the voluntary liquidators to reply to the evidence filed by the petitioners, the voluntary liquidators undertaking not to part with the assets of the company in the meantime."

L. P. FEDEMAYER, a Frenchman, arrived in New York on the 24th of July, wheeling a barrow, which, with its contents, weighed about 140lb. He was accompanied by a Mr. Fuller, who had followed him all the way from San Francisco to see that he accomplished his task. A number of gentlemen in that city had offered 1,500 dollars to the man who made the best time across the continent with a wheelbarrow in front of him. Mr. Fedemeyer and Mr. Potter engaged in this novel race. According to the terms of the agreement no ferries were to be crossed, and the men were to walk the entire distance between San Francisco and New York. Potter and Fedemeyer started together from San Francisco in December last. Where Potter is now is known only to himself. Fedemeyer has won the race. The route which Fedemeyer took in order to avoid ferries is about 4,500 miles.

It is estimated that the loss to the gardeners and florists in the neighbourhood of Kew and Richmond, occasioned by the hail-storm of the 3rd inst., will not be covered by £3,000. A subscription list is in preparation, and a public meeting will be held, in aid of the sufferers, on Monday evening next, at the Greyhound Hotel, Richmond.

On Wednesday the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and party, including Lord William Beresford, who arrived on Tuesday night in the Dublin Castle from Zululand, had a day's shooting in Mount Edgecumbe Park.

THE popular composer of *The Pinafore* has found the health he went away to seek, and will be with us again next month.

THE 146th anniversary of the Queen's Royal St. Leonard's Archers took place at the Archery-gardens, St. Leonard's, on Wednesday. The weather was not very favourable, but there was a good attendance. The prizes presented by Miss Mackey were valuable and handsome, the challenge cup and silver bugle, together with an Indian brooch, being specially admired. Two of the best lady archers in the kingdom, Mrs. Butt and Mrs. Everett, took part in the competitions.

A GREAT-GRANDSON of Racine, I see, has just been helped to a title of Marquis by the Pope. For the benefit of my countrymen and others, I may as well state here that any person who wants to obtain a similar distinction from the Vatican can purchase it on comparatively cheap terms. The list of prices is as follows:—For a duke's title, £480; marquis, £320; count, £240; baron, £160. Such titles have currency in continental society, are a sure ladder to the hand of an heiress, and on the whole seem to pay well. There are certainly worse investments in the market.—*Truth*.

THE death of Sir Thomas Moncreiffe, well known as an enthusiastic patron of field sports, is announced.

GROUSE SHOOTING IN IRELAND.

"THE TWELFTH" IN MAYO.

Good morrow to thy sable beak,
And glossy plumage dark and sleek,
Thy crimson morn and azure eye,
Cock of the heath, so wildly shy!

Johanna Baillie.

GROUSE shooting has gradually become one of those immense, national, conservative, institutions with which the name of Englishman is invariably connected by the sister countries to whom we vouchsafe the adjective civilised. The Twelfth of August is as definitely marked in red-letter capitals in our calendars as the Fifth of November, or the Twenty-fifth of December. The possession of a grouse moor is as indisputable a title to respect amongst sportsmen as a coat of arms in the eyes of the editor of "the Society Journal." The freak of fashion has raised the price of grouse shooting in Scotland, as it has raised the price of everything else all over the world. Twenty-five years ago ten or twelve thousand acres of good grouse moorland, including the chance of a stray red stag and a couple of roe, besides a good cast for salmon and trout, might be had for the modest sum of £50, inclusive of bachelor quarters and accommodation for three or four guns and dogs. In such an Eden some 600 head of game might be legitimately bagged in a season, and the cost of support, servants included, did not amount to more than 5s. per day each. The march of civilisation—railways, hotels, and other signs of our time hateful to Mr. Ruskin—has changed all this.

Last year we revisited one of these scenes of our youth, in the north of Scotland. Everything was otherwise than we had left it. A modern family residence, including, amongst other comforts, new stone stabling for four horses, a neatly rolled and newly mown lawn-tennis ground, approached by a new macadamised "drive," not five miles from a railway, which brought us our daily mails, now rules supreme, at the modest rental of £400 a-year. If grouse shooting in North Britain has degenerated into farming and civilised slaughter, like pheasant shooting and rabbit shooting in England, it is far from so in the land of shamrocks and "shebeens." As the Irish landlord cannot afford to prevent his tenants and their cattle from walking the mountains, he cannot very well preserve them for, and farm them to, the heavy-pursed London or Manchester *nouveaux riches*; and thus it is that every Irish gentleman has at least shooting to give his friends.

Though far from being a carpet knight of the trigger, we had never made the acquaintance of the grouse on an Irish moor, though it is now over seven years since we received the invitation, which we this year accepted, to do so. Very little had been talked of since our arrival, save the prospects of a good bag. Owing to the extreme severity of the year, "cheepers" and disease were much feared. Much of our time was employed in fighting our previous victories over again; in schooling the dogs, which, owing to some sad experiences in "blinking," our host always trains himself, in debating on the superiority of choke-bores, every one extolling his own individual weapon above every one else's, in fact, generally talking "shop."

Monday's sunset was anxiously watched, and officially reported to foreshadow a fine to-morrow. In the smoking-room the local and pedantic Father Pat—as excellent a sportsman as he is a pastor—who was to accompany us on the moors, informed us, between the sips of "poten" punch, that, ornithologically speaking, the grouse belonged to the family Tetraonidae, of which only four species affect the British Isles, namely (1) Tetrao urogallus, or wood capercaillie; (2) Tetrao tetrix, or black game; (3) Lagopus Scoticus, or red grouse; and (4) Lagopus mutus, or albus, or the ptarmigan, the white grouse, which information, I fear, we did not appreciate sufficiently, as during years of ignorance we had burned powder at our and their mutual expense.

We retired early, and took our seats to a man the next morning round the breakfast-table by seven sharp. It was, indeed, a quaint sight to see four men, whose costume for months had been frock coats with "button holes," patent leather boots, tall silk hats, and dittos innocent of bagginess at the knees, attired in knickerbockers, rough woollen stockings, thick shooting boots, Tam o' Shanter bonnets, and eating pounds of beefsteak at seven in the morning.

The outside car, which is a very agreeable and useful conveyance, when you get used to it—as it carries five comfortably, besides a spare dog in, what is called, "the well," and can be driven by one of the party—was round by half past.

Father Pat, far more rubicund, I fear, than rubrical, was awaiting us at his gate, and, after greeting us with a Jove-like thunder-throated brogue, after pointing out his new school-house and scholars, and after many suppositions as to our success, proceeded to follow us in his own car.

It has been the undisputed right of novelists, from the time of Lever, Carroll, Maxwell up to the advent of Richard Dowling's "Mystery of Killard,"—a really excellent novel—to picture Ireland as a wild, wet, unredeemable swamp, and the language of the Celt as little short of the jabbering of apes. Such has not been, at any rate, our short experience. As we drove along, the whole country seemed to be well cultivated and prosperous, and the people far more civil and cheerful than the best specimen of the English working-man.

We were shown old ruined abbeys and castles at every turning, each of which, like the fields, had its own particular Irish name and poetical legend. Father Pat assured me that the Iliad has been translated into Irish verse by Archbishop McHale, "the Lion of the Fold of Judah."

The grey loosely-built stone walls, that map out every man's "holding of land," together with the blue mountains, never out of sight, and the quaint primitive straw thatched cottages, gave a picturesqueness to the scene which is to be found in no part of England, Kent not excepted.

One thing I noticed, which I do not remember to have seen anywhere set down, that of all the men who greeted us with a "Bollo-a-yeareth"—God bless your work!—not one wore hair on his lip or chin.

By nine we had arrived as near the happy hunting grounds as the high, or "coach" road, as it is still called, would take us, where we found the keepers with our guns and dogs, and a small mob of men, women, and children, ready to greet their legal lord.

We proceeded on foot for about half a mile, down a "boreen," or small lane, over a stile, into a potato field, then over a "kish," or small bridge, made of two Scotch fir trees, with "scraws" and branches laid across.

An Irish moor beats anything I have ever seen in the way of difficult walking.

The dogs, two Irish setters and a brown pointer, were a little wild at first, and our late pigeon shooting at Hurlingham did not avail us much, now that our reputation, not our money, was at stake. Towards two, when we sat down to lunch, of which we partook, making our excuse the sweltering heat of the day, not wisely but too well, we had only bagged, on an average, four brace to each gun, though we had come across a good many packs.

As most of us were not a little done up, we gladly accepted Father Pat's invitation to visit his curate's school, hard by,

which we found cleaner and tidier than I had deemed possible in the middle of a bleak mountain tract of heather.

The novelty of the invitation to examine the ragged, barefooted, clean, bright blue-eyed, flower-faced little ragamuffins, in reading and catechism and to inspect their copy books, was too irresistibly funny. We found them very intelligent, and rewarded their embarrassment by a distribution of, sundry small coins. After recording our favourable opinions on the visiting sheet, which we were told would be seen by the inspector, we returned to what did not prove to be a Massacre of the Innocents—*Quid non ebrietas designat?* Alas! slight as had been our indulgence in the cup, it gave the birds an undue advantage over our guns, so that when we returned home by nine, our united scores were not sufficiently to our credit to be recorded in an English journal. Yet, if we did not bring home the largest bag on record, we certainly returned with the weariest legs and the largest appetites that ever blessed the bodies of five sportsmen in pursuit of a jolly Twelfth of August on an Irish moor.

A. M. M.

A PUMA HUNT.

PROSPECTING for copper mines in the Chilian Andes is, so far as my experience goes, amusing on the first day, monotonous on the second, and exasperating on the third; three days has been the utmost extent of that experience hitherto, so I am unable to say if the business improves or deteriorates on a longer acquaintance. We had been out three days searching for indications of copper, and there were three of us; Mickey, my factotum, a gentleman of Irish extraction, whose bulls and whose brogue had been tempered and toned down by a long residence in the United States; myself, and our body servant, Juan, a *peon*, about whom nothing good, bad, or indifferent need remain on record. Mickey and I were at breakfast before sunrise on the fourth day of our journey, discussing the most promising route to follow, together with jerked beef (*charqui*), raw and toasted, sardines, and other remnants of the contents of our saddle bags, when a shout from Juan, who had gone to bring in the three mules that had carried us to our camping ground, caused us both to rush to the green patch where we had picketed them the night before. *El leon*, *Senor*, *el leon*! was all we could get out of Juan, so I turned to my mule, as to the more intelligent animal of the two, for explanations. Truly the poor creature's appearance was expressive enough to throw light upon much that had occurred during our sleep; his head and neck were covered with clotted blood, one ear torn off, and hanging apparently by scarcely more than a shred of flesh, and no eyes visible. I had hitched him at the full length of the lazo to the limb of a large cactus, strong enough to hold a bull, but in the struggle he had wrenched it off, and dragged it behind him fifty yards up the slope. Juan, although incoherent, was evidently right, *el leon* the South American puma, was a visitor we had least expected, but *el leon* had been very close to us that night.

The mule's wounds proved on examination, and after washing, less serious than they appeared at first sight; one ear past praying for, a pretty deep gash on the chest, another on the neck, and a few minor scratches about the head, was the sum-total; so after a hasty deliberation we agreed, Mickey and myself, to retrace our steps as far as a working mine we had observed on the previous evening, and to which, not wishing to be observed ourselves, we had then given a wide berth, leaving Juan to follow on foot to the same destination in attendance upon the wounded mule. A gallop and a scramble of about two hours—for there were no roads leading to the mine from the direction we approached it, and we were in consultation with the major-domo in charge, an intelligent native, who received us hospitably. We were in luck: one of the nearest habitations, three or four leagues distant, was occupied by Don Domingo, the *leonero* (professional lion-hunter) of the estate, who had rusted for years for want of employment. Don Domingo's fame was great. The district had formerly, when he earned it, been celebrated for the number and ferocity of its lions. The major-domo had a good horse, also rusting for want of employment, and amongst his *apirs* (boys employed in carrying ore to the surface) were many to whom a ride to the house of the *leonero* would be an acceptable half-holiday. No time was lost, and before the major-domo's wife had plucked two of her fattest chickens for our luncheon, it was necessary to use my glasses to discern the little *apir* on the big horse, cantering along the mule track that connected the mine with the smelting-works to which it belonged.

It was late in the afternoon before the little *apir* reported himself, leading a reserve mule, and accompanied by the *leonero*, Don Domingo, mounted on a diminutive pony, or rather a horse that looked diminutive in proportion to the size of its rider. No verbal description would give an adequate idea of that functionary's appearance, but fortunately his counterfeit presentment is familiar to us all;—take any portrait of Don Quixote, Doré's for choice, and *mutatis mutandis* you have the *leonero's* likeness as he appeared to us in the flesh. Thin and spare almost to emaciation, standing considerably over six feet in his *ojotas*, untanned leather leggings in place of gyves, a peaked straw hat, instead of Malbrino's helmet, and in lieu of the lance a—what can I call it?—an exaggerated duck-gun, a Brown Bess run to seed, a specimen of some unknown description of fire-arm, considerably taller than himself, the resemblance was complete; for us he was born in "La Mancha," and of him Cervantes had written, "or else," said Mickey, "he's his twin brother, belonging to a later generation."

Don Domingo was anxious to repair at once to the scene of our misadventure, and giving us little opportunity to seek explanations respecting himself or his armament, insisted upon our mounting without delay; but once fairly underway, his taciturnity slightly thawed, and he vouchsafed us some information: he was the *leonero* of the estate because his father had been *leonero* before him (one of the few examples I have met with of an hereditary appointment in a Republic); of late years his office had been a sinecure, *les gatos* (cats), as he contemptuously called the pumas, in marked contradistinction to the unprofessional, who dignify the same animal with the grandiloquent title of *los leones*, lions, *testé Juan*, were, to the best of his belief, extinct; road-making and the development of mining (I winced) in out-of-the-way places had driven them across the Cordillera, or possibly finished them off altogether; he occupied himself chiefly in breeding dogs; those that accompanied him were all descendants of animals specially adapted and taught and trained to track the *gato*, in the most difficult circumstances (they were the most miscellaneous set of curs, six or seven of them in all, I ever saw together in one group), and more statistics upon which I hung entranced in the hope of learning something interesting, from an antiquarian point of view, respecting the wonderful implement he carried transversely across his saddle-bow, blocking up the narrow pathway, and compelling Mickey and myself to ride half a length in his rear. About this, however, he was more reticent, and I offered him my flask of *aguardiente* at every pause, and exhausted my ingenuity in vain; I called it a gun (*escopeta*), in the hope that he would protest and say it was a *fusil* (musket), then I spoke of it as a *fusil*, on the chance that he would correct me, and tell me it was a *rifle*, but to no purpose; he evidently regarded it as a fetic, and when I led him on to refer to it directly, he never alluded to it other-

wise than as, *el arma* (my arm or weapon), which was vague and unsatisfactory to the last degree. Foiled etymologically, I sought enlightenment by a side issue. "Is it loaded, your machine?" I inquired. "*Si Senor, siempre lo manejo cargado*" (Yes, sir, I always keep it loaded). "What with?" I queried, believing I was on the point of solving the enigma, and attempting to disguise the tremolo in my voice—ball, slug, shot, cartridge—almost any reply would assuredly enable me to determine the genus and species of this nondescript. "*Claos viejos, Senor y otras cosas*" (Old nails, sir, and other things) was the answer; then I gave it up, and it remained a mystery. But there was something in Don Domingo's confident manner and bearing, as he caressed that colossal seven-foot arquebus, that would induce the most sceptical to believe that he and his "old nails and other things" were capable of giving a good account of any reasonable weight of wild cat.

On arrival at our camping ground of the previous night, Don Domingo was disappointed in his turn, he fully expected his dogs to take up the scent of the puma, but they only sniffed at the few drops of dry blood on the grass, and then turned their attention to the remains of the *charqui*, and quarrelled over the half-empty sardine box; there was nothing for it but to light a fire and encamp. In order to prepare ourselves fully for a second surprise (Mickey's idea), we divided the night into four watches, one for each of us. But *l'homme propose*. Mickey's inborn ability, supplemented by his American education, in concocting from *aguardiente* limejuice, sugar, and water, a beverage which he insisted upon calling whisky-punch, loosened the *leonero's* tongue, and kept us agape round the camp fire till close upon daybreak. Don Domingo told us strange stories, not to be found in Buffon, about *los gatos*; he related how the mother, blessed with a quiver-full of little *gatos*, unable to bring up and educate more than one, or at most a couple, selected the pluckiest of the litter by herself playing bogey, and putting to death those that she succeeded in frightening, preserving only the fittest, the one that showed the boldest front; how she taught the cub to hunt, to kill his quarry, and after eating, to cover with twigs and leaves the parts left raw and exposed, so that he could return a second and a third time (never a fourth), to replenish his commissariat without fear of flies; how, when brought to bay by hounds and hunters, the animal attempts no defence, but sits up upon his haunches and weeps; unless wounded, in which case he makes havoc of hounds, hunters, and all created things within reach of his claws and teeth. He attributed the escape of my mule to the fact of its being tied—*el gato* was suspicious of traps.

These excerpts from the natural history of the puma I received with an incredulity that subsequent experience has done little to shake. I suppress the auto-biological sketches that went to make up our evening's entertainment: in all of these *el arma* played a prominent part; in fact, when I eventually spread my sheep-skins, I was impressed with the belief that the extermination of the entire race of Chilian pumas had been effected chiefly by the agency of that remarkable weapon. Mickey, however, who had a disagreeable but inveterate habit of talking in bed, invariably, and with Irish perversity, offering some inane remark long after I had fancied him to be asleep, wanted to know if I thought "the old gentleman would put it all down in writing, and swear to about half of it."

The puma made no sign during the night, and in the morning Don Domingo busied himself for hours fruitlessly, for two hours at least he walked his dogs in concentric and ever widening circles round the mules, presumably with the idea of striking a trail; then he paid no attention to the dogs at all, but took short excursions in various directions, throwing his head back at intervals, shading his eyes, and examining the sky as if he expected to discover his puma amongst the signs of the Zodiac. At length, nearly at noon, he returned hastily from one of these excursions, ordered Juan to bit the mules, and pointing out a distant spur of the Cordillera, informed us that *el gato* was there.

Pressed for explanations, for the mystery of his obsolete culverin still weighed heavily upon us, he drew our attention to several flights of carrion-crows (*buitres*) and single birds of the vulture species, amongst them an enormous condor, sailing overhead, but all converging to the point he had designated, and gave us to understand that something had been killed, and that, in all probability, the puma having whetted his appetite upon my mule, had had his breakfast.

(To be continued).

The Otter Swimming Club decided a Four Lengths (98 yards) Handicap at the Marylebone Baths on Tuesday evening. No less than 27 entries were received; 5 of these were absent. The club is indebted to Mr. F. H. Lemann for the prize on this occasion. Below is a brief return of the racing:—Heat 1: C. Newman, 8sec, 1; H. Chesswright, 10sec, 2; F. Sachs, 18sec, 0; won by four yards; time, 1min 22 3-5sec. Heat 2: S. Willis, 8sec, 1; G. H. Ropes, 14sec, 2; H. P. Gardner, 10sec, 0; won by four yards, half that distance between second and third; time, 1min 24sec. Heat 3: R. S. Cahill, 6sec, 1; W. J. Don Bavand, 10sec, 2; Percy Moore, 16sec, 3; C. West, 18sec, 0; a repetition of the former heat; time, 1 min 18sec. Heat 4: A. H. Burton, 10sec, 1; A. P. Stokes, 4sec, 2; A. H. Bingham, 12sec, 3; J. Puzey, 14sec, 0; a grand finish between Stokes and Burton, resulting in the latter's favour by a touch; Bingham three yards behind. Heat 5: J. J. Rope, 6sec, 1; C. E. Macrae, 10sec, 2; E. Creaton, 18sec, 3; R. L. Pugh, 14sec, 0; Macrae took the lead 20 yards from home, but Rope came with a rush and defeated him by a yard, Macrae two yards in front of Creaton; time, 1 min, 24sec. Heat 6: C. W. Davis, 12sec, 1; W. R. Sewell, 14sec, 2; C. Humphries, 12sec, 0; H. J. Green, 10sec, 0; won by three yards; time, 1min 24sec. Second round, heat 1: Cahill 1, Newman 2, Burton 0; Cahill drew level with his men at the last turn, and, despite a plucky effort on the part of Newman; won by a yard and a half, three yards separating second and third. Heat 2: Davies 1, Willis 2, Rope 0; won by three yards; time, 1min 22sec. Final heat: Cahill 1, Davies 0; Cahill gained gradually, and, Davies tiring from his previous efforts, won by four yards; time, 1min 15sec. The winners' times in each heat are given. Handicapper and judge, H. J. Green; starter, T. R. Sachs. Next Tuesday's fixture is a Ten Lengths Handicap.

Mrs. EDMONDS, proprietress of the menagerie at one time known as Wombwell's, having sent her agent in advance, he duly concluded an arrangement with the local authorities for the hire of the centre of the Market-place, Fraserburgh. Just in the very middle of it, however, a Cheap Jack had taken his stand, and refused to remove when commanded to do so by the police. Time was precious, the caravan arrived, and the magistrate was appealed to, but in the meantime the menagerie was set up round him, and he and his cart, &c., were enclosed. He now forms part of "the stupendous and unparalleled show." The gentleman who exhorts the Fraserburghites to "walk up and be in time," in addition to enumerating the marvels on exhibit, mentions the imprisoned "Cheap Jack" as to be seen "alive, alive, oh!" and people crowd in to witness the novel spectacle.

A FRENCH WATERING PLACE.

As regards mere beauty of scenery Etretat may fairly be called the queen of watering places on the northern coast of France. It has not yet been invaded either by railways or steamboats, and still enjoys unimpaired the quiet and smiling seclusion which captivated Alphonse Karr, who, indeed, shares with the painters Isabey and Le Poittevin the honour of having first discovered Etretat.

Thirty years ago the spot was occupied by a few wretched fishermen's huts. The old "Murray" describes Etretat as "a small fishing village frequented by a few artists. There is one inn, the 'Cheval Rouge,' kept by Blanquet, etc." The modern town is situated at the mouth of two thickly wooded valleys, which unite and run down to the sea between two high chalk cliffs. The beach forms an arc of a circle terminated at each extremity by the two Falaises. On every side the eye rests upon something interesting. Looking inland you see a softly undulating country, with dark woods and purple hillsides, and here and there a chalet peeping out, while to the right and left are the weird-looking cliffs, in each of which the waves have eaten away a sort of natural doorway or *trou*. The bathing cabins and Casino occupy one half of the beach, and the fishing boats the other. There being no port at Etretat, the fishermen drag their boats up the strand by means of ropes and a wooden capstan. These capstans are of the most primitive and picturesque construction, consisting simply of a vertical drum fixed in a framework of rough logs. Into this drum are inserted four long poles, after the fashion of crowbars, and the whole apparatus is worked by ten or twelve men and women, who sing a plaintive refrain as they push round the creaking machines. The old boats are fixed high and dry on the beach and thatched over with a straw roof. They are then called *caloges*, and are used as store-houses by the fishermen. This part of the beach with the boats, the capstans, the quaint-looking *caloges*, and the men and women in all varieties of coloured costumes, has afforded many charming subjects to the pencil of Le Poittevin and others. The beach with the pretty Swiss-looking Casino, the belt of houses, and the sloping hills in the background beyond the town form a sort of amphitheatre, where the eye always meets something pleasing and characteristic.

Etretat has always preserved something of the spirit of its first admirers, and artists, men of letters and theatrical people, still form the large majority of the visitors. There is a "tang" of Bohemianism about the *baigneurs* and *baigneuses*, and everybody is perfectly happy and unconstrained. The beach is free to all, without distinction of age or sex. It is not partitioned off by hideous scaffold poles and ropes like the more aristocratic *plage* of Trouville. So the beach of Etretat presents an animation and advantages "qu'en cherchait vainement ailleurs," as the guide-books say. Surely the very fact that we may see a celebrated and beautiful actress turning double somersaults from the diving board, or a well-known opera-singer playing *écarté* with feverish interest, is itself an attraction of which few watering places can boast.

A Frenchman never willingly lets pass an opportunity of



FAMOUS COMPOSERS—OLIVIER METRA.

showing off. Whether he is dining or bathing, or walking on the Boulevard, he is always conscious of the public for whose benefit he is, as it were, on view. So at the seaside, the bathing is one of the chief entertainments of the day. There are actors and spectators, and the performance takes place twice a day, the most fashionable and brilliant performance being in the afternoon. Then the bathers rival one another in feats of natation, having first sufficiently displayed their costume to the admiring audience, for to arrive at the water's edge the bather has to walk from his cabin through the midst of the crowd. Bathing machines, it must be remembered, are not much used in France. Never by any chance do you see two artistes performing at the same time. No! one waits till the other has finished, and the attention of the audience is free, and then he dashes into the water and takes his turn, like a *première danseuse* who is jealous of the applause won by her rival. The French, like the Italians, have some curious ideas about bathing. During the three months of the

year which form the season, a Frenchman will, if possible, bathe twice a day with a superstitious regularity, however cold and disagreeable the water may be. Some people will say that he is taking his revenge for the short allowance of water which he has during the rest of the year. He thinks that he is laying up a stock of health if he merely wets his *tricot*, or sits down and allows a wave to run over him, while the bathing man holds him by the hands. Most Frenchmen are, however, excellent and bold swimmers, and the bathing season is to them what the hunting and shooting season is to the English. After the afternoon bath comes the *table d'hôte*, and the evening is spent at the Casino, where there are theatrical representations, concerts, dancing, *bals d'enfants*, *écarté*, and that curious mixture of the various amusements of a country fair which are to be found in the "Tir et Jeux" department. Still, the gaiety is not obtrusive as it is at some holiday resorts, and we may safely say that Etretat possesses in an unusual degree the rare charms which render lotus-eating a possibility in the nineteenth century.—*The Parisian*.

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LET us note, for the sake of statisticians, the current wholesale price of wild beasts, which we find quoted in a Vienna paper. Lions and tigers, average price 1,600 marks (the mark is equal to one shilling, 1fr. 25c., or twenty-five cents); a spotted panther, 600 marks; a leopard, 400 marks; a black panther, 3,000 marks; and a spotted tiger, 6,000 marks; a jaguar, 600 to 1,000 marks; a hyena, 240 to 600 marks; an ichneumon, 500 marks; a wolf, 100 to 200 marks. Bears vary in price from 160 to 500 marks; a rhinoceros runs from 8,000 to 20,000 marks. An African elephant is worth 1,200; an Indian elephant, 3,000 to 6,000 marks. A pair of kangaroos will fetch from 200 to 1,200 marks. Monkeys vary from 20 marks to 2,000, the dearest kinds being chimpanzees and orang-outangs.

THE annual fête in aid of the Police Orphanage took place at the Alexandra Palace, on Thursday last. The programme included a display of fireworks, two performances of *H.M.S. Pinafore* by Mr. D'Oyly Carte's Company, variety and circus entertainments, concerts by police bands, police athletic sports, a ball, military assault-at-arms. A very large number of visitors were present from all parts of London.

BETWEEN nine and ten o'clock on Friday week a singular episode occurred in the neighbourhood of Holborn. A fine young fox escaped from the Metropolitan Meat Market, and headed at full speed westward, pursued by a large and momentarily increasing crowd. Reynard dashed up Charterhouse-street, then up Farringdon-road, and Theobald's-road. Arriving at the back entrance of Gray's Inn, he made a sharp turn to the left, and leisurely trotted down Raymond's-buildings. Here he encountered a gentleman who administered a sharp rap over the muzzle with a book which he had in his hand. This had the effect of driving the animal to take refuge in Gray's Inn-gardens. A number of the pursuers scaled the railings, and a rather odd and exciting scene ensued. Eventually the fox was captured by the gardeners, who detained him until he was claimed by his owners.

Shr:—(murm.) No Adelaide. I do not curse you. Your affection has afflicted me more than I can tell.

Mrs. Hal:—(agitated) From the inward conviction that I am unworthy of your name, I have, during three years, assumed another. But this is not enough. You must have a name which will enable you to choose a suitable career, and I will give you one. This name will be necessary for the purpose—it confers a certain amount of my guilt. (Sighs) I have done this for ever.

Shr:—(takes it and tears it) Adelaide. You alone will reign there for ever. Your own sensations of virtue, and your father's, you to profit by my weakness, and even if—now, by Heaven, this is beneath a name. But never, never will another fill Adelaide's place in the room in that broken heart.

Mrs. Hal:—(sighs) Then nothing now remains for me but to go. (Exit Mrs. Hal.)

Shr:—(sighs) For some months we have, without knowing it, lived near each other. I have learnt much good of you. You have a heart open to the wants of your fellow-creatures. I am happy that it is so. You must be without the pleasure of exchanging such a friendship with me, and you yourself ever suffer more. This paper serves to give an account of which any person in need will pay you.

* Yet you have a spirit that must shrink from dependence

Mrs. Hal:—Never. By the labour of my hands must I earn my sustenance. A morsel of bread must be earned with the sweat of my brow. I cannot be idle. It would be an added approach to think that I have either served myself or ever depended on others. Take it, madam, take it. I am injured.

Mrs. Hal:—I have deserved this. But I show myself upon your generosity. Have compassion on me!

Shr:—(sighs) Of what woman has that been robbed me? (puts the paper into his pocket) Well, Madam, I respect your sentiments, and withdraw my request; but only on condition, that if ever you are in want of any thing, I shall be the first and only person in the world to whom you will make your voluntary application.

and obligation. This paper serves to which the whole remnant of my fortune is pledged, let that only recommendation of the gift be that it will also administer to you the success of in due charity the divine propensity of your Nature

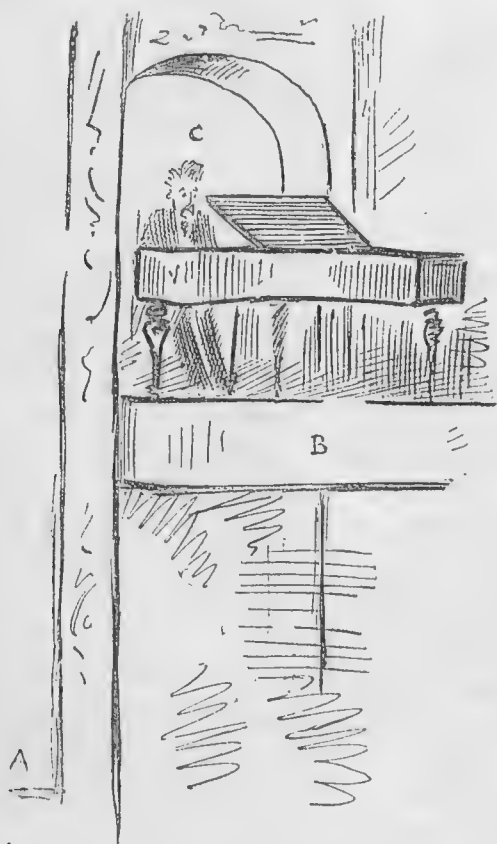
OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

THE form of amusement that most completely seizes the Dublin public is the Opera. Notwithstanding this fact, the Theatre Royal in that fair city is lying in disuse. The sound of



Carl O'Rosa.

the orchestra is not heard within its walls, and the grand old Dublin days of the Opera are at an end. At that time it was usual for a body of students and other musical enthusiasts to



"Elevation" of an Orchestra.

take the horses from the carriage of the reigning songstress and draw the chariot in triumph to the hotel. Mlle. Titiens was the prime favourite in those days, and always rewarded the adoration of those enthusiasts with an Irish melody sung from

the balcony of the Shelborne. However, although the Royal is unoccupied, there is no lack of music at the smaller theatre. Mr. Carl Rosa has been waving his *bâton* at that house since Mr. Toole's departure—and very successful he has been—producing novelty after novelty, much to Dublin's delight. By the way, I was sorry to see, when in Dublin, that the fact of the Theatre Royal being shut up had thrown that well-worn servant of the Irish public, Mr. Granby, out of his time-honoured post of stage manager. I should think it wouldn't do Dublin much harm if a memorial in the shape of an annuity was presented to "the dear old boy;" at least three generations of Dublin playgoers must remember "old Gran," and would doubtless assist, for the sake of Auld Lang Syne. I was vastly entertained when I visited the Queen's Theatre, with a genuine clap-trap buckle and dagger performance of *The Duke's Motto*; or, "*I am Here!*" One Lorraine played the Duke, and he was not only *here*, but there, and everywhere in it. The Queen's Theatre, under the management of Mr. Fitzroy Wallace, has assumed a somewhat different appearance than it presented somewhere about a dozen years ago, when the Webbs and Owen had it. The seats have got comparatively luxurious, and it is not so easy to turn out the gas as it was of yore. I remember attending the Queen's once to witness the performance of *Hamlet*, the title-role to be played by "a distinguished amateur." The distinguished one failed to put in an appearance, and there was nothing left for the manager to do but to play it himself. He being some five and sixty summers at the very least, he



"I have 'ere ah!"

gave even Polonius a tone of juvenility which is not usual. Nevertheless he played it to the entire satisfaction of the audience: in fact, when the curtain fell upon the death of the Royal Dane, he was heavily encored, nor would his admirers cease until he had the curtain up, revived, fenced with Laertes a second time, and died over again. That is what I call value for your money. Of all the miserable dens in the British Isles, or I would venture to say anywhere else, commend me to the Dublin music hall, with its melancholy orchestra, consisting of a damaged piano, a loud cornet, and fiddle (not a violin, but a *fiddle*), which is played by a sickly boy of, say, ten, who vainly endeavours to pick up the melody on hand from the damaged piano. Up' above on the stage perform the very seediest of "entertainers." This is "the Grafton," but there is a deeper depth than this; there is "the Harp," beloved of coal-heavers and a lumbering class of soldier, who wears a very short jacket, a pill-pox pattern cap, and drinks porter out of a tin can. In this temple of the muses a fearful and wonderful programme is gone through each night. The stage, or little platform, on which the entertainments take place, is about twelve feet above the heads of the audience. The orchestra is still higher, being an old grand piano (c), which is perched upon a bracket near the ceiling (b). Here the unfortunate performer strums away amidst the fumes of gas and foul tobacco. The chief attraction is a large unwieldy person, who, in the most conventional of Irish costumes, sings sentimental patriotic songs, with allusions to the grass growing green on a certain spot and about "darling little shamrocks," and things of that sort.

When the performance is over the coal-heavers and the patronly soldiers come out and scoff at the classical constable, who, in most gorgeous array, treats their want of respect with the utmost good nature and forbearance. Wonderful creatures those Dublin police are! Giants to a man, they stroll about the streets reeking with importance and dignity; to see a couple of them



A Patron of "The Harp".

handling a drunken man, much as a couple of white-gloved flunkies would a wedge of wedding cake, is a study. The itinerant entertainers in Dublin have seemingly quite fallen out of use. There used to be a harper on the quays, but he harps no more; and the only piper I saw there was a drunken Scotchman, who was treated with as much respect and attention by the inhabitants as though he were the last of the Irish kings and his pipes made from the bones of his ancestors. Dublin, as I said before, is advancing in the van of civilisation, even in the matter of eating. Five years ago it was impossible to get a



A Classic Constabulary.

meal fit to eat outside one of the first-rate hotels. Now there are one or two establishments where anything culinary is possible at a moment's notice. Murphy's café restaurant, for instance, is equal to anything that London can boast of. The improvement was sadly needed, and is yet in want of extension.

Mr. W. H. COWING, of Boston, ex-president of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, is on his way to Europe, where he will remain, in all probability, a year or more, visiting all the prominent kennels.

YACHTING.

THE Royal Albert Yacht Club Regatta commenced at South-sea on Monday with a tolerably liberal programme of prizes, but unfortunately there were no entries for some of them, this club sharing in the general depression which has more or less prevailed at all the regattas in the kingdom. The programme consisted of the Albert Cup, value £100, with a second prize of £30 for cutters belonging to the Royal Albert Yacht Club, of 38 tons and upwards; a prize value £15, for cutters of 10 tons; a Sweepstakes of 5 guineas each, with 25 added by the club, for yachts of any yacht club that have not won a race; prices of £60 and £20 for yaws of 45 tons and upwards; a prize, value £20, for cutters of 20 tons, belonging to any recognised yacht club; and the Ladies' Prize, for yachts of 12 tons and under belonging to the Royal Albert Yacht Club. As two of the races did not fill, the only one left for decision on Monday was for the Albert Cup, of the value of £100, with a second prize of £30, the second prize to be awarded to the first vessel under 50 tons, provided the first prize was won by a vessel over that tonnage. The following were the entries:—

| | | |
|------------|---------|------------------------|
| Bloodhound | 38 tons | Marquis of Ailsa. |
| Britannia | 38 " | Mr. W. C. Quilter. |
| Arrow | 113 " | Mr. P. Chamberlayne. |
| Coryphee | 40 " | Mr. A. Young Richards. |

The course was from the committee vessel moored near the Spit Buoy, thence round the Nab Light Ship, thence round the Prince Consort buoy off Cowes, and back round the starting vessel. Twice round, a course of about 50 miles. The following is the time allowance:—Arrow allows Coryphee 25min. 45sec., Bloodhound and Britannia 27min. 1 sec., the Coryphee allowing the Bloodhound and Britannia 1min. 10sec. The race terminated as follows:—

| | |
|------------|----------|
| Arrow | H. M. S. |
| Britannia | 4 8 0 |
| Bloodhound | 4 48 15 |
| Coryphee | 4 53 20 |
| | 5 9 0 |

It is stated that the match which was made between Colonel Owen Williams's Enchantress and the Earl of Gosford's Cetonia for 1,000 guineas on each side has been abandoned.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

WINDSOR MEETING.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 15.

The CLEWER STAKES.—Duke of Hamilton's Song (Custance), 1; Buscklepper, 2; Beauchamp, 3. 5 ran.
The DATCHET WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Drewitt's Lady Mostyn (T. Osborne), 1; Rosalind, 2; Peroration II., 3. 7 ran.
The WINDSOR AUGUST HANDICAP.—Mr. F. Gretton's Dominica (Greaves), 1; Iron Duke, 2; Vivandiere, 3. 5 ran.
A SELLING PLATE.—Mr. J. Lowe's Play Rough (R. Wyatt), 1; Gowan, 2; Hammersmith, 3. 12 ran.
The FROGMORE WELTER PLATE.—Mr. J. Martin's Slogan (C. Wood), 1; Zabina, 2; Monachus, 3. 16 ran.
The BOVENY PLATE.—Mr. J. Potter's Ruperta (Parry), 1; Miss Bowstring, 2; Cucumber colt, 3. 8 ran.
The HAMILTON WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. E. Hobson's Leith (Loates), 1; w.o.; Dunmow, 2; Ironstone, 3. 6 ran.

REDCAR MEETING.

FRIDAY.

The MIDDLESBOROUGH WELTER CUP.—Mr. W. P. Anson, jun.'s Little Bird (Fagan), 1; Cupola, 2; Cleopatra, 3. 8 ran.
The WILTON PLATE.—Mr. R. C. Vyner's Bambola (Collins), 1; Princess Bladud, 2; King Hal colt, 3. 7 ran.
SECOND YEAR OF THE SECOND KIRKLEATHAM BIENNIAL STAKES.—Mr. R. Robinson's Robbie Burns (Snowden), 1; Reconciliation, 2; Brown George, 3. 5 ran.
The SELLING HUNTERS' PLATE.—Mr. H. P. Robinson's Miss Sykes (Mr. G. Thompson), 1; Lady Derwent, 2; Vestal, 3. 8 ran.
The TRADESMEN'S PLATE.—Mr. H. Shaw's Lochiel (Snowden), 1; Cousin Sarah, 2; Humber, 3. 6 ran.
The WARRENBY SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. H. Peart, jun.'s Good Thing (Bruckshaw), 1; Pompeia, 2; Queen Charlotte, 3. 18 ran.
The REDCAR TRADESMEN'S HANDICAP.—Mr. Bowes's Jollification (Tinsley), 1; Pilchard, 2; William Tell, 3. 4 ran.

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PAISLEY MEETING.

FRIDAY.

SELLING HUNTERS.—Mr. G. Steel's Sir Arthur (Owner), 1; Sonneteer, 2; Justin, 3. 4 ran.
The GREENOCK HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. R. Cowan's Savoir Faire (Luke), 1; Teesdale, 2; La Gitania, 3. 5 ran.
ARGOWAN MAIDEN HUNTERS' PLATE.—Captain Maxwell's Sir Francis (Mr. G. Steel), 1; Diplomatic, 2; Gymnasts, 3. 3 ran.
"SILVER BELLS."—Lord Rosebery's Kineton (Luke), 1; Macadam, 2; Winnie, 3. 3 ran.
The INKKEEPERS' STAKES.—Mr. Wylie's Lady Nelson (G. Barker), 1; Skelmorlie, 2; Prophecy, 3. 4 ran.
The BURGH MEMBER'S PLATE.—Mr. J. Martin's Constantine (Tomlinson), 1; Argyle filly, 2; Strathblane, 3. 8 ran.

SUTTON PARK (BIRMINGHAM) AUTUMN MEETING.

TUESDAY.

The FLYING TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE.—Mr. Proctor's Vanderdecken filly (H. Barker), 1; Elegance, 2; Squib, 3. 6 ran.
TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE.—Mr. D. Lane's General Peel colt (Manser), 1; Argyle filly, 2; Palmy, 3. 12 ran.
SELLING HUNTERS' PLATE.—Mr. T. Briscoe's Bay Malcolm (Mr. A. Wilkinson), 1; Sir Morgan, 2; Little Nell, 3. 6 ran.
The ASTON SELLING PLATE.—Mr. W. J. Stevens's Cornichon (Mordan), 1; Filibuster, 2; Strathconan colt, 3. 8 ran.
The BIRMINGHAM AUTUMN HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. M. Brooks's Lady Hood (Frost), 1; Seagull, 2; Harry Bluff, 3. 4 ran.
The STRETLEY HUNTERS' PLATE.—Mr. A. Yates's Laramie (Mr. H. M. Rudd), 1; Stitch of Canvas, 2; Lady Shrewsbury, 3. 7 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

The HUNTERS' OPTIONAL SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Cheshire's Restoration (Mr. H. M. Rudd), 1; Bay Malcolm, 2; James L., 3. 5 ran.
The ERDINGTON PLATE.—Mr. Quail's Little Sutton (Roe), 1; Duke of York, 2; Idun, 3. 6 ran.
The JUVENILE SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Trimmer's Elegance (Barker), 1; Palmer filly, 2; Argyle filly, 3. 7 ran.
The SUTTON PARK WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. M. Brooks's Lady Hood (Bateman), 1; Harry Bluff, 2; Brother to Dukedom, 3. 4 ran.
The SANDWELL WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Bickley's Strathconan colt (Glover), 1; The Baron filly, 2; Filibuster, 3. 5 ran.
The BRADFORD WELTER CUP.—Mr. W. S. Stevens's Delagoa (H. Barker), 1; Duke of York, 2; King Clovis, 3. 4 ran.

STOCKTON MEETING.

TUESDAY.

The TRIAL STAKES.—Mr. C. Bush's Bishop Burton (F. Archer), 1; Cleopatra, 2; Victoria Cross, 3. 9 ran.
SECOND YEAR OF THE TWENTY-SECOND ZETLAND BIENNIAL STAKES.—Mr. Pickersgill's Robbie Burns (Snowden), 1; Mycene, 2; Fabius, 3. 3 ran.
The TOWN HANDICAP PLATE.—Lord Zetland's Hardrada (Saddington), 1; Beddington, 2; Nellie Macgregor, 3. 7 ran.
The SOUTH STOCKTON SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Marshall's Humber (Bruckshaw), 1; Pretender filly, 2; Lochiel, 3. 7 ran.
The STOCKTON TRADESMEN'S HANDICAP.—Mr. C. Perkins's Roehampton (J. Snowden), 1; Carrillon, 2; The Ranger colt, 3. 7 ran.
The CLEVELAND STAKES.—Captain C. Patrick's Tuscarora (Giles), 1; Moredale, 2; Blue Beard, 3. 5 ran.
The HARRY FOWLER PLATE.—Col. Broadley's Mysie (Luke), 1; Allegra, 2; Garterless, 3. 9 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

The GARbutt PEDESTRIAN WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. W. M. Raine's Miss Palmer (W. Platt), 1; Hardrada, 2; Heather, 3. 7 ran.
The HAREWOOD STAKES.—Mr. W. Metcalfe's Sister to Wandering Willie (Tomlinson), 1; Cheviot, 2; Lady Lennard, 3. 7 ran.
The LAMBTON PLATE.—Mr. R. Jardine's Teviotdale (J. Osborne), 1; Royal Salute, 2; Bonnie Marden, 3. 4 ran.
The GREAT NORTHERN LEGER.—Mr. Bowes's Rycerski (G. Fordham), 1; Khamseen, 2; Palmbeare, 3. 4 ran.
The HARDWICKE STAKES.—Mr. Key-Seymour's Eirene (F. Archer), 1; Pride of the Highlands, 2; Lady of the Lake, 3. 9 ran.
The THORNABY SELLING STAKES.—Mr. Corder's Oldbuck (Morgan), 1; But II, 2; Inquisition, 3. 6 ran.
The WYNHARD HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. H. Bragg's Grand Flaneur (J. Osborne), 1; Necklace, 2; Mysie, 3. 8 ran.

THURSDAY.

The FIRST YEAR OF THE TWENTY-THIRD ZETLAND BIENNIAL STAKES.—Mr. C. Bush's Belfry (late Notre Dame) (F. Archer), 1; Arne, 2; Hematite, 3. 3 ran.
The CORPORATION HIGH-WEIGHT SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Mytton's But II (Snowden), 1; Miriam, 2; Old Buck, 3. 4 ran.
The STOCKTON STEWARDS' CUP.—Colonel Bradley's Melton (F. Archer), 1; Twine the Plaiden, 2; Muscatel, 3. 6 ran.
The ELTON JUVENILE STAKES.—Mr. Scott's Glenstrae (Fagan), 1; Moredale, 2; Fair Isabel, 3. 8 ran.
The GRAND STAND SELLING STAKES.—Mr. C. Bush's Little Duck (F. Archer), 1; Forfeit, 2; Victoria Cross, 3. 8 ran.

The STOCKTON CLARET OPEN HUNTERS' STAKES.—Mr. Kempster's Lord Strathford (Mr. Spence), 1; Syten, 2; Cock Robin, 3. 5 ran.
The MIDDLESBOROUGH HANDICAP.—Lord Lascelle's Carrillon (Collins), 1; Mars, 2; Lady of Coverdale colt, 3. 5 ran.

DOVER AUGUST MEETING.

TUESDAY.

The WALDESHIRE PARK PLATE.—Mr. W. Walter's Wrangle (Owner), 1; Ventnor, 2; Lady Abbess, 3. 7 ran.
The DOVER HANDICAP.—Mr. W. Reeve's Ascanius (H. Beach), 1; Laburnum, 2; Morier, 3; Howdie, 4. 14 ran.
The LORD WARDEN STAKES.—Mr. Nightingall's First Choice (Weedon), 1; Edith Plantagenet, 2; Borgia, 3. 6 ran.
LOCAL HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Mr. F. Campbell's The Ace (Mr. C. Walker), 1; The Tippler, 2; The Clown, 3. 3 ran.
The WELTER PLATE.—Mr. Greenhall's Howdie filly (Wyatt), 1; Blinkhoolie filly, 2; Borgia, 3. 4 ran.
The UNITED HUNTERS' PLATE.—Mr. C. W. Waller's Agnes Peel (Owner), 1; Lady Westwick, 2; Queen o' Scots, 3. 3 ran.

CANTERBURY MEETING.

WEDNESDAY.

The EAST KENT WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. Devon's Wild Lyon (J. Ansley), 1; Calabria, 2; Laburnum, 3. 6 ran.
A TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE.—Mr. Hobson's Alpine Maid (Weedon), 1; Nancy Lee, 2; Tebro, 3. 6 ran.
The BRIDGE PLATE.—Mr. W. Walter's Wrangle (A. Walters), 1; La Fiancee, 2; Lady Mostyn, 3. 6 ran.
A LOCAL MILITARY PLATE.—Mr. F. Campbell's The Ace (Owner), 1; The Clown, 2.
The BIERSONS PLATE.—Mr. Nightingall's Farnese (Spencer), 1; Edith Plantagenet, 2; Weatherwise, 3. 9 ran.
HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Mr. R. Dixon's Vivandiere (Morgan), 1; Calabria, 2; Howdie, 3. 4 ran.
The EAST KENT OPEN HUNTERS' PLATE.—Mr. W. H. Hare's Sentinel (Owner), 1; Lady Westwick, 2; Agnes Pool, 3. 4 ran.

FOREIGN RACING INTELLIGENCE.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER MEETING.

WEDNESDAY.

PRIX DE LA PLAGE.—Mr. H. Jennings's Macarena (Hudson), 1; Defaite, 2; Camelia, 3. 5 ran.
DEUXIEME PRIX DE LA SOCIETE ENCOURAGEMENT.—M. C. Blanc's Rob Roy (Kelly), 1; Monsieur du Potin, 2; La Fromentiniere, 3. 4 ran.
PRIX D'AMBLETEUSE.—M. C. Blanc's Sciambre (Weaver), 1; Domicida, 0.
CONSOLATION STAKES.—M. Delatre's Geometrie (Smith), 1; Bretagne, 2.

A NEW *prima donna*, who has just made her *début* at the Paris Grand Opera, Mlle. Leslino, is remarkable, not merely for a fine voice, but for the truly unusual fact that she is soon to appear with a tenor, M. Mierswinski, who once went so far, in a fit of exasperation, as to give her a box on the ears. It seems that the pair had been singing the warmest of love duettos in the *Huguenots*, on a provincial stage, when the tenor overheard some remarks, the reverse of complimentary, in which the *diva* indulged at his expense, and directly lost his temper to the extent above stated. Matters have been made up since, however; and it is confidently hoped that in the future it will not be necessary for the tenor to be chained, or for the *diva* to be put between two stout policemen, previous to their joint appearance in a love song.—*The World*.

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CALISAYINE COCKTAIL BITTERS
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Delicious with Milk and Soda Water.
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HORSE AUCTIONS.

IN LIQUIDATION.—THE STUD COMPANY,
(LIMITED).ABSOLUTE AND UNRESERVED SALE, BY
ORDER OF THE LIQUIDATORS.

MR. RYMILL will SELL by AUCTION at the PADDOCKS, COBHAM, SURREY, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, September 17th and 18th. Commencing at ONE o'clock, the whole of the following STALLIONS, BROOD MARES and FOALS:—

Lot. FIRST DAY.

1. ALGEBRA by Diophantus out of Beatrice; covered by Soapstone.
2. ALVA by Blair Athol out of Touch-Not; covered by Blue Gown.
3. A CHESTNUT FILLY by George Frederick out of Alva.
4. ANGELICA by St. Albans out of Lady Ann by Touchstone; covered by Kaiser.
5. ATALANTA by Thormanby, out of Lady Chesterfield by Stockwell; covered by Blue Gown.
6. A BAY COLT by Cadet out of Atalanta.
7. ALBATROSS by Buccaneer out of Miss Conyngham; covered by Blair Athol.
8. A BAY COLT by Blair Athol out of Albatross.
9. ARMADA by Buccaneer out of Lady Chesterfield by Stockwell; covered by Mortemer.
10. A CHESTNUT COLT by Mortemer out of Armada.
11. BLACK ROSE (dam of Bayminster, &c.) by Neasham out of Defenceless; covered by Blair Athol.
12. A BAY COLT by Blair Athol out of Black Rose.
13. BETTER HALF (dam of Beddington, &c.) by Marionette out of Tamara; covered by Blair Athol.
14. BRISBANE by West Australian out of Frenzy; covered by Blue Gown.
15. A BAY COLT by Vedette out of Brisbane.
16. BECKY SHARPE (sister to Buccaneer) by Wild Dayrell her dam by Little Red Rover; covered by George Frederick and Blair Athol.
17. A BAY FILLY by Blair Athol out of Becky Sharpe.
18. BIRETTE by the Flying Dutchman out of Amulette; covered by Kaiser.
19. BELLA by Breadalbane out of Armada by Buccaneer; covered by Kaiser.
20. A BAY FILLY by Adventurer out of Bella.
21. BREAD SAUCE by Brown Bread out of Lure by St. Albans; covered by Soapstone.
22. BRISKET by Marsyas or Chattanooga out of Fricandau; covered by Cadet.
23. BRITISH QUEEN (sister to Claremont) by Blair Athol out of Coimbra; maiden.
24. BYFLEET by Blair Athol out of Armada; covered by Plebeian.
25. CELERRIMA by Stockwell out of Slander; covered by Wild Oats.
26. CIRCE by Dundee out of Magic by Melbourne; covered by Kaiser.
27. COIMBRA (dam of Glenalmond, Claremont, &c.) by Kingston out of Calcevala; covered by Blair Athol.
28. CRINON by Newminster out of Margery Daw (dam of See-Saw, Ecossais, &c.); covered by Blair Athol.
29. CURACOA by The Cure out of Tasmania, by Melbourne; covered by Wild Oats.
30. A BAY COLT by Blue Gown out of Curacao.
31. CESTUS by Newminster out of Ayacanora; covered by Mortemer.
32. COULEUR DE ROSE by West Australian out of Maria by Harkaway; covered by George Frederick.
33. CATHERINE by Macaroni out of Selina; covered by George Frederick.
34. A BAY FILLY by Blue Gown out of Catherine.
35. CORCYRA by King Tom out of Cerintha by Newminster; covered by Blue Gown.
36. DENTELLE by Trumpeter out of Chiffonniere (sister to Buccaneer); covered by Kaiser.
37. DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE by Stockwell out of Countess of Burlington, by Touchstone; covered by See-Saw.
38. COLT by See-Saw out of Duchess of Devonshire.
39. EVA by Breadalbane out of Imperatrice by Orlando; covered by Wild Oats.
40. A BAY FILLY by Flageolet out of Eva.
41. FROLIC SOME by Weatherbit out of Frolic by Touchstone; covered by George Frederick.
42. FAIRYLAND by Orlando out of El Dorado by Harkaway; covered by Blue Gown.
43. FAIRY QUEEN by Orest out of Queen Mab; covered by Blue Gown.
44. A CHESTNUT COLT by Blue Gown out of Fairy Queen.
45. FRICANDEAU by Caterer out of The Broom; covered by Wild Oats.
46. A BAY COLT by Carnival out of Fricandau.
47. FREDERICA by Kettledrum out of Frendeur; covered by Wild Oats.
48. GARRY, The, by Breadalbane out of Restless; covered by Wild Oats.
49. A BAY FILLY by Wild Oats out of The Garry.
50. GARTER QUEEN by Knight of the Garter out of Emma; covered by Cadet.
51. JOCOSA (dam of Sabella, &c.) by Fitz-Roland out of Madame Eglantine (dam of The Palmer, Rosicrucian, &c.); covered by Wild Oats.
52. A CHESTNUT COLT by Mortemer out of Jocosa.
53. JULIANA by Julius out of Contadina by Newminster; covered by Cremorne.
54. A BROWN FILLY by See-Saw out of Juliana.
55. INVICTA by Blair Athol out of Isilia by Newminster; covered by See-Saw.
56. KATE DAYRELL by Wild Dayrell out of Kate; covered by Craig Millar.
57. KENTISH ROSE by Blair Athol out of Rose of Kent; covered by George Frederick and Wild Oats.
58. A CHESTNUT FILLY by George Frederick out of Kentish Rose.
59. KENIGIN DER NACHT by Buccaneer out of Madie. Cleopatra by Stockwell covered by George Frederick.
60. A CHESTNUT COLT, by Blue Gown out of Kenigin der Nacht.
61. LOVEFACE by Sweetmeat out of Phoebe by Touchstone; covered by Blair Athol.
62. A CHESTNUT COLT by Blair Athol out of Lovelace.
63. LUCY BERTRAM by Newminster out of Annie Laurie; covered by Blue Gown.
64. A BAY COLT by Blue Gown out of Lucy Bertram.
65. LADYLIKE by Newminster out of Zuleika; covered by Kaiser.
66. LADY BOUNTIFUL by Rataplan out of Plentiful; covered by Kaiser.
67. A CHESTNUT FILLY by Carnival out of Lady Bountiful.
68. LADY SALISBURY by Lord of the Isles out of Selina; covered by George Frederick.
69. A CHESTNUT COLT by See-Saw out of Lady Salisbury.
70. LADY FLY by Chanticleer out of Tamarind by Touchstone; covered by Kaiser.
71. A BAY COLT by Carnival out of Lady Fly.
72. LADY LENA by Adventurer out of Summer's Eve by Stockwell; covered by Kaiser.
73. LETTY WEST by West Australian out of Bay Letty; covered by George Frederick and Blair Athol.
74. LADY SOFFIE by Romulus out of Lady Harriet; covered by Blair Athol.
75. MERLETTE by The Baron out of Cuckoo; covered by Kaiser.
76. MARGERY DAW (dam of See-Saw, Ecossais, &c.) by Brocket out of Protection; covered by Craig Millar.

77. MINNA TROLL by Buccaneer out of Belladonna; covered by Blair Athol.
78. MOLLY CAREW by Wild Dayrell out of Alma; covered by Kaiser.
79. MATILDA by Orlando out of Tarella; covered by Wild Oats.
80. A BAY FILLY by Wild Oats out of Matilda.
81. MARCHIONESS MARIA by Colterdale out of Princess Maud by Touchstone; covered by George Frederick.
82. MYRUS by Stockwell out of Leila by Melbourne; covered by Wild Oats.
83. A BAY COLT by Plebeian out of Myrus.
84. MADAME EGLENTINE (dam of The Palmer, Rosicrucian, &c.), by Cowl, out of Diversion;
85. MARTINIQUE by Macaroni out of Curacao; covered by Wild Oats.
86. A BAY COLT by Mortemer out of Martinique.
87. MARCHERINA by Macaroni or Carnival out of Lorelei; covered by George Frederick.
88. MRS. NAGGLETON by Prime Minister out of Lady Abbeby by Surplice; covered by Kaiser.
89. MRS. CROFT by Prime Minister out of Mersey; covered by Blue Gown.
90. MASQUERADE by Lambourne out of Burlesque by Touchstone; covered by Blair Athol.
91. A CHESTNUT COLT by Scottish Chief out of Masquerade.
92. MISS IDA by Newminster out of Sauntering Sally; covered by Craig Millar.
93. A BAY COLT by Flageolet out of Miss Ida.
94. MENACE by Wild Dayrell out of Intimidation by Orlando; covered by Craig Millar.
95. MAID OF PERTH by Scottish Chief out of Lady Dot; covered by Blue Gown.
96. A BAY COLT by Blair Athol out of Maid of Perth.
97. MAY QUEEN by Trumpeter out of May Bell; covered by Blair Athol.
98. A CHESTNUT FILLY by Adventurer out of May Queen.
99. MY WONDER by Blair Athol out of Papoose by Newminster; covered by George Frederick.
100. MISS MANNERING by Blair Athol out of Lucy Bertram by Newminster; covered by Kaiser.
101. A BAY FILLY by Carnival out of Miss Mannering.
102. MARY AMBREE by Buccaneer out of Little Hannah; covered by Blair Athol.
103. MUNIFICENCE by Macaroni out of Lady Bountiful; covered by Cadet.
104. MISHAP by Wild Oats out of Lovelace; covered by Kaiser.
105. A BAY FILLY by Carnival out of Mishap.
106. N.B. by Dundee out of Irish Point (sister to Dalby); covered by Jolly Friar.
107. NOISY, by Y. Trumpeter out of Leda; covered by Cadet.
108. A BAY COLT by Wild Oats out of Noisy.
109. NUKUEVA by Neasham out of Typee by Touchstone; covered by Cadet.
110. ORTOLAN by Saunterer out of Swallow; covered by Blair Athol.
111. A CHESTNUT FILLY by Blair Athol out of Ortolan.
112. PAPOOSE by Newminster out of the Squaw; covered by Craig Millar.
113. POLIAS by Weatherbit out of Athena Pallas; covered by George Frederick.
114. PIMPERNEL by Beadsman out of Cavriana; covered by Wild Oats and Blair Athol.
115. PHILLINA by Bonnyfield out of Menandrea by Lord Lyon; covered by Blue Gown.
116. QUEEN OF THE CHASE by Blair Athol out of Nutbush; covered by Wild Oats.
117. A BAY FILLY by Wild Oats out of Queen of the Chase.
118. REGINELLA by King Tom out of Flax; covered by Wild Oats.
119. A CHESTNUT COLT by Blair Athol or George Frederick out of Reginella.
120. ROSE OF KENT by Kingston out of England's Beauty; covered by Wild Oats.
121. REINE SAUVAGE by King Tom out of Black Rose; covered by Blair Athol.
122. A CHESTNUT COLT by Blue Gown out of Reine Sauvage.
123. SCOTCH REEL by Scottish Chief out of Masquerade; covered by Craig Millar.
124. FILLY by Blue Gown out of Scotch Reel.
125. STEEP by Saunterer out of Seclusion; covered by Wild Oats.
126. A BAY COLT by Doncaster out of Steepe.
127. STOCKHAUSEN by Stockwell out of Ernestine by Touchstone; covered by Cadet.
128. SHEPHERD'S BUSH by Lord Clifden out of The Doorha by The Hermit; covered by Blair Athol.
129. A BAY COLT by Blair Athol out of Shepherd's Bush.
130. SEMIRAMIS by Thormanby out of Souvenir; covered by Craig Millar.
131. ROAN COLT by Wild Oats out of Semiramis.
132. SOUTHERN CROSS by Y. Melbourne out of Urania; covered by Blue Gown.
133. SO GLAD by Gladiator out of Baroness by Stockwell; covered by See-Saw.
134. SWEET CICELY by Lord Clifden out of Cecilia by Blair Athol; covered by Wild Oats.
135. A BAY FILLY by Carnival out of Sweet Cicely.
136. SUMMER'S EVE by Stockwell out of Summer's Eve (winner of the Oaks); covered by See-Saw.
137. TRICKISH by Prime Minister out of Sharp Practice by Voltigeur; covered by Wild Oats.
138. TRUEFIT by Wild Huntsman out of Tension; covered by Blue Gown.
139. A BAY COLT by Springfield out of Truefit.
140. TROMPETTE by Trumpeter out of Court Card; covered by Kaiser.
141. TEA ROSE by Voltigeur out of Hedge Rose; covered by George Frederick.
142. A BAY COLT by Blue Gown out of Tea Rose.
143. VERGUIS-MEIN-NICHT by The Flying Dutchman out of Forget-me-Not; covered by Blair Athol.
144. A CHESTNUT FILLY by Blair Athol out of Verguis-mein-Nicht.
145. VIOLET by Thunderbolt out of Bargain; covered by Blue Gown.
146. A BAY COLT by See-Saw out of Violet.
147. VAGARY by Musjid out of Vaga by Stockwell; covered by Blair Athol.
148. VALCREUSE by Dollar out of Euryanthic; covered by George Frederick.
149. A CHESTNUT COLT by Prince Charlie out of Valcreuse.
150. WILD SWAN by Wild Dayrell out of Lara Avis; covered by Blair Athol.

STALLIONS.

151. CADET (1867) by Buccaneer out of Dahlia, by Orlando her dam Peri by Birdcatcher out of Perdita by Langar.
152. CATERER (1859) by Stockwell out of Selina by Orlando, her dam The Lady of Silverkeld Well by Velocipede.
153. WILD OATS (1866) by Wild Dayrell out of The Golden Horn (dam of Reverberation, &c.) by Harkaway her dam by Little Red Rover out of Elat by Edmund.
154. BLAIR ATHOL (1861) (winner of the Derby and St. Leger) by Stockwell out of Blink Bonny (winner of the Derby and the Oaks) by Melbourne her dam Queen Mary by Gladiator.

Catalogues may be had on application to Mr. Rymill, Auctioneer, Barbican, E.C., or to Mr. Kendrick, 99, Gresham-street, E.C.

The Leases and Farm Stock will be sold at a future date, particulars of which will be duly announced.

The nearest stations to the Paddock are Esher and Leatherhead, on the London and South Western, and Leatherhead on the London, Epsom, and South Coast.

DONCASTER SALES.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL will hold their SALES, as usual, in the SALE PADDOCKS, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, September 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th.

Messrs. Tattersall are obliged to decline putting up any lots except those of their regular customers, and they would be obliged by the pedigrees and engagements being forwarded to them at Albert Gate, in order that the catalogues may be printed in good time. No fresh lots can be taken by Messrs. Tattersall.

To be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on MONDAY, 25th August, the property of Capt. Cotton, R.A., who is leaving the R.I.F.A. on promotion.

1. BAYARD, brown gelding, first charger, about 16 hands.
2. NIMROD, second charger, 10 years old, 15.2h by Durham out of Peppermint by Sweetmeat. Has been hunted by present owner for two seasons with Cheshire and Blackmoor Vale Hounds; up to 13 stone, carries a lady, and goes in harness; parted with as not being up to owner's weight.

Both the above are steady, well-broken chargers in school and on parade; believed to be sound and open to V.S. examination.

BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

MR. RYMILL will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at ELEVEN o'clock, ONE HUNDRED and SIXTY HORSES, suitable for Professional Gentlemen, Traders, Cab Proprietors, and others; active young Cart and Van Horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of Carriages, Carts, Harness, &c.

THURSDAY NEXT, 28th August, at Twelve o'clock (and every Thursday), at CAVE'S SALE YARD, MOSELEY STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

100 HUNTERS, HACKS, COBS, HARNESS HORSES and PONIES; also CART and VAN HORSES, the property of different Noblemen, Gentlemen, &c.; including useful Horses from the Midland Railway Co. By AUCTION.

Stalls must be engaged early.

OTHER SALES ARRANGED AT CAVE'S.

- | | |
|------------------------|---|
| TUESDAY, Aug. 26th... | Poultry, Pigeons, Rabbits; also, Sporting and other Dogs. |
| THURSDAY, Aug. 28th | The usual Horse Sale. |
| TUESDAY, Sept. 2nd ... | Carriages and other Vehicles; also, Harness and Saddlery. |
| THURSDAY, Sept. 4th... | The usual Horse Sale. |
| TUESDAY, Sept. 9th ... | The Monthly Miscellaneous Sale of Live and Dead Stock, of every kind and description. |
| THURSDAY, Sept. 11th | The usual Horse Sale. |
| THURSDAY, Sept. 18th | The usual Horse Sale. |
| TUESDAY, Sept. 23rd... | A Special Stud Sale. |
| THURSDAY, Sept. 25th | The usual Horse Sale. |

Early Entries for the above Sales invited.

(The OLD BEARDSWORTH'S YARD.

Established 1799.)

YORK AUGUST RACES.

WALKER'S GREAT ANNUAL SALES OF HORSES, THE REPOSITORY, MUSEUM STREET, YORK.

MR. WALKER will SELL by AUCTION, at the Repository, Museum-street, York, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY, the 26th, 27th, and 28th of August, 1879, commencing each day at 10 o'clock. Upwards of

One hundred and thirty valuable HORSES, including studs of Weight-carrying and Light-weight Hunters, Carriage Horses, and Hacks. On the first day Brood Mares and Foals, Yearlings, Two-year-olds, &c., &c.

Gentlemen who propose including blood stock for sale on the 26th must send particulars to the offices, New-street, York, as early as possible. Entries for the 27th and 28th will close in a few days.

Catalogues may be had on application. New-street, York, August, 1879.

DONCASTER SEPTEMBER RACES.

WALKER'S ANNUAL SALE OF BLOOD STOCK IN THE SALE PADDOCK.

MR. WALKER will hold his Annual Sale of Blood Stock, in the Sale Paddock, Doncaster, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, 10th and 11th Sept. 1879. Entries for which sales should be sent as early as possible, to the offices, New-street, York, or to 42, High-street, Doncaster.

SEWELL'S, DUBLIN.

GRAND ANNUAL HORSE SHOW AUCTIONS.

MR. SEWELL begs to announce his important AUCTIONS of Stud of Weight-carrying HUNTERS, Harness, and promising Young HORSES, in connection with the Royal Dublin Society's Annual Show, will take place at the Repository, Lower Mount-street, Merion-square, as follows: First auction, Tuesday, 26th August (first day of Horse Show), horses not entered in Horse Show; Second auction Wednesday, 27th August (second day of Horse Show), special sale; Third auction, Friday 29th August (day after Horse Show), principally horses entered in Horse Show. Lists are now ready, and will be forwarded on application.

LEICESTER RACES, will take place on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, October 2nd and 3rd, 1879.

Judge, Mr. J. F. Clark; starter, Mr. T. McGeorge; Handicapper, Mr. W. J. Ford, Nottingham. Clerk of the Course, Mr. Henry Mason, 4, Tavistock Place Tavistock Square, London, W.C.

* * * The following races close and name to Messrs. Weatherby, Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook; or the Clerk of the Course, by Thursday, August 23rd, 1879:—

FIRST DAY.
The LEICESTERSHIRE HANDICAP, a sweepstakes of 15 sovs each for starters, with 200 sovs added by the Race Committee; the second horse to save his stake; winners after the weights are published () of any handicap value 100 sovs to carry 6lb., of two or one of 500 sovs 12lb. extra; entrance 3 sovs to the fund; added one mile and a half.

The NURSERY PLATE (Handicap) of 100 sovs given by the Race Committee, added to a sweepstakes of 100 sovs each for starters; the winner of any handicap after the weights are declared () or of the Gopsall Stakes to carry 7lb. extra; any number of horses the property of the same owner may run for this plate; entrance 3 sovs to the fund; half a mile.

The COUNTY MEMBERS' HANDICAP of 100 sovs (40 sovs given by Members for the County and 60 sovs added by the Race Committee), added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, 3 ft to the fund; a winner of any handicap after the publication of the weights () to carry 7lb extra; about five furlongs.

SECOND DAY.
The LEICESTER WELTER HANDICAP of 150 sovs given by the resident subscribers of Leicester, added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, 3 ft to the fund; the second horse to receive 20 sovs out of the stakes; winners of any handicap after the publication of the weights () to carry 7lb extra; six furlongs.

The CURZON NURSERY HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs each for starters, with 100 sovs added by the Race Committee, for two-year-olds; the winner of any handicap after the publication of the weights () or of the Gopsall Stakes on the first day to carry 7lb extra; entrance 3 sovs to the fund; five furlongs.

SALES BY AUCTION, etc.

To be LET or SOLD, in Somerset five minutes' walk from church and post office, and one mile from railway station, a HOUSE, containing four sitting rooms, seven bed and two dressing rooms, entrance hall, kitchens, &c., with every convenience; good stables and coach house, with other out-buildings, cowhouses, &c. The above residence stands in a charming lawn, having flower and kitchen gardens, also greenhouses, and can be had with or without 14 acres of rich meadow land. Good hunting.—Address "Omega," care of Mr. Cobb, Stationer, Yeovil.

TWYFORD, Berks.—To be SOLD or LET, THE CHESNUTS; good family villa, freehold residence, with stabling and offices.—Apply by letter or on the premises.

NORWAY.—LANDED PROPERTY for SALE; beautiful situation, along the Firth of Christiania, about 700 acres in extent, whereof 250 acres first class cultivated ground; most of the remainder is forest. Houses valued at £2,300. Good opportunity for sea bathing; fishing, &c.—Apply to Fr. Westre, Esq., Moss, in Norway.

HOLLAND WILDFOWL SHOOTING.—Gentlemen desirous of availing themselves of this favourite sport may obtain all necessary information as to licence and suitable boats by applying to Alexander de Haas, Yacht Agent, Rotterdam, Holland.

LEICESTERSHIRE.—APPLEBY HALL.—To be LET, furnished, on Lease, this desirable and well-arranged MANSION, with 3,500 acres of shooting (about 140 acres of covert), strictly preserved. The above spacious and comfortable residence is beautifully situated, and contains drawing and dining-rooms, library, study, and smoking-rooms, outer and inner halls, with twenty good rooms on the first floor, comprising bed rooms, dressing rooms, lady's boudoir, and bath rooms, ample servants' accommodation. The offices are sufficient for a large establishment, and most complete. There is stabling for sixteen horses, covered ride and coach house, excellent gardens, with two vineries, peach house, two forcing houses, and conservatory, &c. The residence is two miles from Snaresone and Measham stations, on the Ashby and Nuneaton Railway, three and a half hours' ride from London; hunting with four packs of hounds easily accessible; 60 or 60 acres of pasture land may be let with the house, if required.—For further particulars apply to Mr. German Measham Lodge, Atherstone.

REVERSIONS, ANNUITIES, LIFE INTERESTS, BONDS, SHARES, POLICIES, &c. The highest possible prices are obtained by Messrs. Marsh, Milner and Company, at their Monthly Periodical Sales by Auction (Established 1843). Loans also are arranged, and, if desired, prompt Sales effected by Private Treaty.—Address, 54, Cannon-street, London.

OWNERS OF ESTATES (in any part of the United Kingdom), desirous of realizing their properties by Private Treaty, without incurring preliminary expenses, or publicity, can be assisted in their object by conferring with Messrs. Marsh, Milner, and Company, Land Valuers and Timber Surveyors, 54, Cannon-street, London. Established 1843.

TRAINING STABLES AT RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.—To LET, and may be entered upon immediately, the house called "Silvia Hall," with Stables, Haylofts, &c. There are three excellent loose boxes, and stabling for fourteen horses.—For particulars, apply to Edward Mason, Esq., Castle Hill, Richmond, Yorkshire; or, to Dr. Lister (the owner), Haydock Lodge, Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire.

HAMPTON AUTUMN RACES.

16th and 17th September, 1879.
The following stakes close on TUESDAY, the 2nd of September, to Messrs. Weatherby, Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, or the Clerk of the Course, viz:—

FIRST DAY.
MOLESEY AUTUMN HANDICAP, 150 sovs added to 10 sovs each, half forfeit; one mile.
HAMPTON NURSERY PLATE, 200 sovs; half mile.

THAMES VALLEY HANDICAP STAKES of 100 gs., added to 7 sovs each, 3 only to fund; five furlongs.
PALACE PLATE of 100 gs. high weight Selling handicap; entrance 3 sovs; five furlongs.

SECOND DAY.
WELTER AUTUMN CUP HANDICAP, value 150 added to sweepstakes, 10 sovs each; one mile.
MOLE NURSERY of 7 sovs each, 100 sovs added; five furlongs.

GARRICK WELTER HANDICAP, 10 sovs. each for starters, with 100 sovs added; five furlongs.
For full particulars see "Sheet Calendar."
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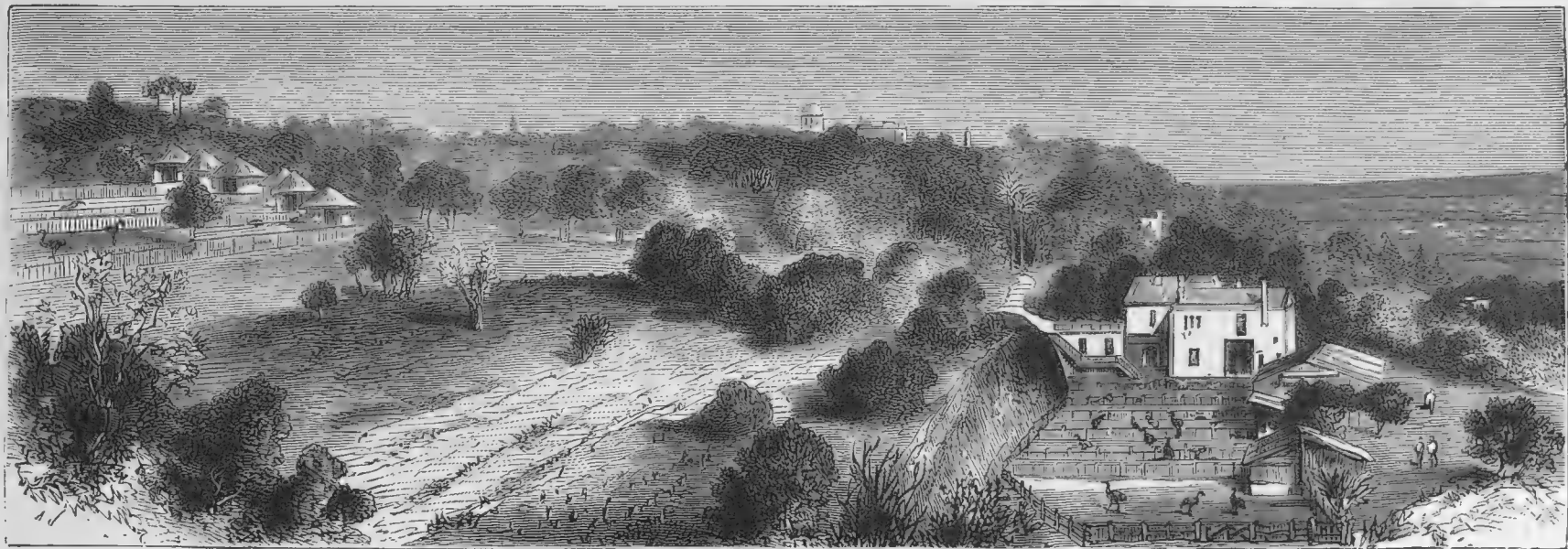
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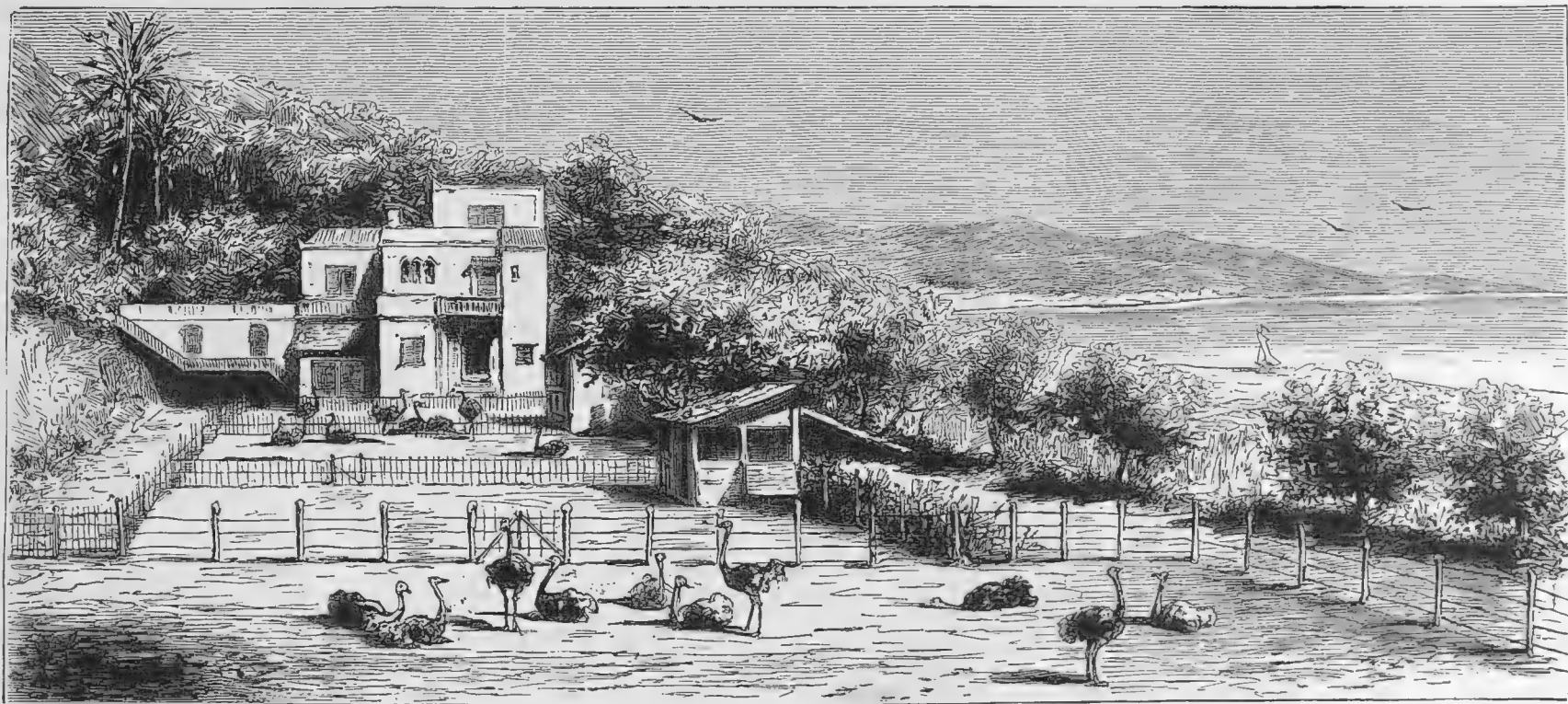
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GENERAL VIEW OF AN OSTRICH FARM.



PARK FOR YOUNG OSTRICHES.



PARK FOR BREEDING OSTRICHES.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

G.A.C.—Garrick played Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*, as miserably re-arranged and modified by Cumberland, who introduced *Timon's* daughter, whose fortune he has spent on sycophants and flatterers. Previous to that Shadwell's equally wretched perversion of the same play held the stage. He too introduced a new character, giving *Timon* a mistress, who clings to him through all his misfortunes. In both adaptations, speeches and scenes of the original play were mutilated and cut out and fresh dialogue introduced.

W. P. Toons.—A play called the *History of King Stephen*, described as Shakespeare's, was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company June 29th, 1660. It was never printed, and has long been lost.

S. B. asks some advice with regard to "making up" artistically as a stage villain. So much depends upon the kind of face, features, &c., that it is impossible we can give such advice in print. In our own opinion such "making up" is very largely a mistake. Nature does not label the villains: action and expression will tell silently the story of their baseness, but these things change with thoughts and feelings, and therefore cannot be put upon the face by any artificial "making up." If the clumsy draughtsman's picture of a horse had been more artistic, the label he put under it, "this is a horse," would not have been required, and, in like manner, the most villainous thing about the acting of an artistic player of heavy ruffians is often his "this-is-a-horse" "make up."

F.—So 'twas said. For our own poor part we think that the figure 9 without its tail would be nearer the true literary value of his production.

A CORRESPONDENT.—He was at one and the same time actor and school-master.

D. C.—*Finesse* was produced at the Haymarket Theatre in 1863. It was written by the authoress of that merry book, "Lispings from Low Latitudes."

J. A. P.—*The Streets of London* was written by Mr. Boucicault, and produced at the Princess's Theatre in 1864. It was an English version of *Les Pauvres de Paris*.

C. MOORE.—Charles Kean revived *The Gamester* for his benefit at the Princess's Theatre, we think, in 1851. He and his wife played Mr. and Mrs. Beverley. The audience was a crowded one, and the play was enthusiastically received. A few years before it had been played successfully at the Haymarket and other theatres.

MUSICAL.

E.B.—According to our American contemporary (*The Music Trade Review*), Mr. John A. Duff is of Scotch ancestry, and a lineal descendant of the Thane of Eife and Macduff of Shakespeare's great tragedy. It is said that he will visit this country next year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SAMBO.—Our reply will go far beyond your expectations, for the earliest record of an Ethiopian minstrel of the Christy or artificial negro order belongs to the days of King John. Here is an extract from an ancient record of the Fitz-Warine family: "Fulk Fitz-Warine having been outlawed, had found safety with his little army of followers in the forests, and being desirous to ascertain the movements of his great enemy 'Moris Fitz-Roger,' he called to him his liegeman, John de Kaunpayne. 'John,' said he, 'you know enough of minstrelsy and jogley; dare you go to Whittington (in Shropshire), and play before Moris Fitz-Roger,' in other words play the spy. Which he did. On another similar occasion it is said 'John de Kaunpayne knew enough of tabor, harp, fiddle, citole, and jogley, and he attired himself very richly, like an earl or baron, and he caused his hair and all his body to be entirely dyed as black as jet, so that nothing was white except his teeth. And he hung round his neck a very handsome tabor, and then mounting a handsome palfrey, rode through the town of Shrewsbury to the gate of the castle, and by many a one was he looked at. John came before the King and placed himself on his knees, and saluted the King very courteously. The King returned his salutation, and asked him whence he came. 'Sire,' said he, 'I am an Ethiopian minstrel, born in Ethiopia.' Said the King, 'Are all the people in your land of your colour?' 'Yea, my lord, man and woman.' John during the day made great minstrelsy of tabor and other instruments."

S.S.S.—Mr. A. H. Wall was lord of the manor of Streetford in Herefordshire, and its chief landowner, in 1858. The family of Wall is believed to be originally of Welsh descent, although it is common in Ireland, where many Welshmen settled in the thirteenth century, and in some English counties, notably in Buckinghamshire.

RICHARD HOCKEL.—The Gregorian method of computation was established by English law in 1752. In the same year it was enacted that the legal year, which had before commenced on the 25th of March, should begin on January 1.

THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1879.

THE JOCKEY CLUB.

It would be idle to suppose that because relations between the governing body of the Turf and its subjects have been hitherto not altogether of an unsatisfactory nature, therefore the dangers of interference from without have been reduced to a minimum. The power of the

Jockey Club, absolute and autocratic as it claims to be, is nevertheless, in some degree, amenable to public opinion, and he would be ill-advised who so abused the power delegated to himself and his colleagues, as to fly in the face of truth, of justice, or of integrity. It is well nigh next to impossible to imagine the occurrence of a revolt of racing men against the supreme council of the Turf and its authority; while the confusion and anarchy certain to result therefrom would speedily assume such dangerous proportions as to render necessary that Parliamentary interference now so keenly resented in certain quarters in matters of comparatively small importance in connection with sport. It would be difficult to find a case parallel with that to which we have alluded, namely, where a body of notables, without the existence of any charter or diploma empowering them to assume the reins of authority, has arrogated to itself supreme power in all matters relating to organisation, management, and administration of a national pastime. Not that we would for a moment be thought to advocate a departure from the principle involved, of establishing a permanent and responsible governing body, without which, indeed, chaos and disorder would reign supreme, and men would be free to develop and to illustrate the remarkable ideas which some of them are known to entertain upon the subject of racing. It is enough that such a "Board of Control" is in existence, without inquiring too minutely into its origin or title to government; for it is certain that without it we should be in worse plight than we are at present, which is saying a good deal.

But in return for the confidence reposed in the Jockey Club by racing society at large, and as some slight acknowledgment of the interests, not to say the existence, of a numerous *clientèle*; we maintain that some consideration is due from rulers to their subjects, and that care should, above all things, be taken, so as not to make it appear that responsibility is being shirked or delegated to individuals without sufficient experience to undertake it. A self-elected ruling body should be jealous in the extreme for its good reputation among those whose destinies it controls; for the moment its actions or authority are called in question, the strength of the edifice is materially impaired, and its ultimate fall, though delayed for a time, is none the less certain. All interested in the maintenance of a healthy tone upon the turf must desire, above all things, to see its legislative chamber composed of men of weight and character; and they also have a right to expect that all and each of them will bear his part in upholding the credit and good name of the sport they affect to control. "Silent members" there will be, of course, in every consultative assemblage; but the votes of such are always available, and they need not shirk the duty of attendance merely for the reason that they are "seen and not heard." The English Jockey Club numbers, all told, nearly one hundred members, as we may put it, "of all ranks;" but though the honour of a seat at the council-board is highly appreciated and largely sought after, the most casual student of the *Racing Calendar* (in which the attendance at meetings of the club are recorded) cannot fail to mark the excessively meagre muster at ordinary sittings. For the transaction of routine business the fewer, perhaps the better; but we find no great increase in numbers or interest when some burning question comes on for decision, the same names appearing time after time.

The custom of holding meetings almost exclusively at Newmarket is sufficient, of course, to account for a good deal of this apparent apathy and neglect; but a rescission of the Median law ordaining the locality of such fixtures has been recommended in a quarter where we have invariably been in the habit of looking for common-sense and shrewdness, and a change of the venue to London would, we fancy, ensure a better attendance, and therefore more mature and satisfactory legislation. At present the Elder Brethern of the Jockey Club would appear to consider that legislative wisdom and judicial capacity exist solely among the junior members of their body, and to be content to leave to them not only to carry out, but also to originate new measures. An idea also seems to prevail that active participants in the racing game and heavy speculators upon their own and other people's horses are the sort of men best calculated to take a lead in administering the affairs of the turf. We fancy no greater mistake could be made, and yet we find the chief active and motive power in the hands of those who might be supposed to have all their time occupied in going the racing circuit, and to be involved in the management of large studs which demand their constant care and attention. It would be idle to hope to greet the advent of a second Admiral Rous among us, but not the slightest doubt can exist that the respect paid to his decisions, and the value in which his opinions were held, was mainly due to his position as a skilled veteran, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," and as a spectator of, rather than a participant in, the sport he loved so well. We want more ballast, more decision, more experience, and less of that weathercock policy and abortive attempts at "frothy" reform, than that which prevails at present in Jockey Club councils, where the flippancy of gay and golden youth presides to the exclusion of matured judgment. Whither have all the trusty counsellors betaken themselves, who might influence for good the deliberations of their colleagues, not, perhaps, speaking with the authority of owners of race-horses, but, nevertheless, not without knowledge, the result of former dealings with men and manners on the Turf?" We no longer find such men as Lord Coventry, Lord Granville, Lord Portsmouth, the Dukes of Richmond and Rutland, and others with good "racing names" mingling in Jockey Club debates; and while we occasionally note the presence of men "on active service," like Lord Falmouth, Mr. Houldsworth, Mr. Lowther, General Pearson, and the Dukes of St. Albans and Westminster, in the "division list" in the "Calendar," we but seldom hear their voices raised in debate. This is all the more to be lamented, because the noblemen and gentlemen last mentioned have set themselves to follow out a racing policy which we could wish to see more widely imitated; whereas no great weight attaches to the opinions and decisions of those who sail upon a totally different tack, and with whom betting is the ruling passion. It is no exaggeration to say that confidence in the Jockey Club

has been rudely shaken since the action and decisions of the Epsom and Ascot Stewards in a recent notorious case; and it is for the sake of avoiding a like scandal in future, of strengthening the hands of the supreme council, and of obviating the necessity of interference from without, that we advocate the holding of Jockey Club meetings in town, when all the deliberative wisdom of that body will be at their disposal, and when old and well-trying friends of racing may be induced to make their voices heard. If, as has been said, the thin end of the wedge has already been inserted by means of Parliamentary action in the matter of metropolitan racecourses, it is high time that further interference should be rendered impossible; but this can only be effected by the Jockey Club making an effort to put forth all its consultative strength, and by evincing a practical interest in the subject which it was presumably established in the first instance to regulate and control.

ROBERT EUDE,

A STORY OF ENGLISH LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

By A. H. WALL.

PART THREE.

CHAPTER IX.

I marvel that amidst the throng
Where hire has sway so wide,
To any goodness may belong,
Or wisdom may abide,
Since wisdom, goodness, truth must fall,
And the same ruin threatens all.

I marvel why he idly strive
And bar our lives with care,
Since even the hours we seem to live
But death's hard doom prepare.
Do we not see that day by day
The best and bravest go?
They banish from the earth away,
And leave regret and woe.

Gaucelm Faidit (1199).

A BRIGHT cheerful morning after the rain, and the wandering voice of an old man wailing despairingly through the woods—"Edith—Edith—Edith!" penetrating many a cave and thicket, but as yet far from that wild spot in which Robin Eude found hiding.

John of Heywood, dreaming pleasantly of quiet rest and loving welcome, came wearily homethrough the great wood. To find his house stripped and abandoned, his timber felled, his enclosures open, his barns and folds empty, the fences down. His was the melancholy cry that went wailing through the forest boughs.

"Edith—Edith—Edith!"

Old neighbours remembered and were kind to him; but they were all sadly changed. Their faces and forms were thin, their voices were no longer as they once were, loud and bold; they glanced furtively about them as they spoke, as if in habitual dread of listeners; they were ragged and dirty. He heard no laughter, and saw even upon the youngest face a look of gloom and care.

He heard how the proud, poor, stranger knight, whom King Henry had made their lord, ruled with harshness and cruelty; exacting in tribute of flesh, fish, and poultry, cheese, milk, beer, wine and cyder, cattle, skins, corn, eggs, honey, flax, hemp, oil, &c., contributions which were thrice as numerous as those with which their old lord had been content. How their condition had gradually become worse and worse, until to escape starvation, many freemen sold themselves into slavery, while every day serfs were escaping into the woods to find refuge in the great towns where they could hide and earn their freedom, at risk of perishing by the way, or suffering punishment when retaken. So it came about that much land was bare and uncultivated; that deserted homes had fallen into decay, that swine and cattle ran wild. John looked upon roofless cottage walls within which the weeds had grown tall and thick, and noted in a hundred dismal incidents signs of sullen misery, despondency, and discontent. No freeman cared to labour while another claimed the entire fruits of his industry. The serfs, or slaves, degraded to the level of beasts, beast-like wanted driving, and there were none who cared to drive them. A listless, hopeless, lazy spirit had settled gloomily down upon once merry Loxley.

Within the castle reigned, always, riotous mirth and wild excesses. Its reckless, greedy, thoughtless inmates were mere robbers within the law, followers of the chase, livers of merry careless of any needs but their own.

Without the castle reigned, always, want, wretchedness, and grief, and joyless lives, full of care for starving wives, parents, and children.

The travelling merchants and pedlars, instead of seeking Loxley, grew to fear and shun its very neighbourhood, shaking their heads and talking regretfully of good Earl Eude's time, when it was not as now.

"Loxley is no place for us," said they, scornfully. "The lord lives by hunting, and worse. He has nothing to sell, and lacks the means to buy, and as for his tenants and squires—bah!—they are even poorer than he is. Come on."

The priest interceded sorrowfully for the oppressed and poor: it was his duty to do so; but the knight jested at him, and only laughed.

At last the armour and arms wherewith King Henry had commanded every freeman should be provided were in desperation taken to, and then to all these other evils were added those of strife and bloodshed. The knight's friends flocked to help him, dead bodies hung from many a bough, the dungeon-keep was full of prisoners. Then died the eldest son of John of the Heywood, killed while fighting, and his brothers, Ivar and Edwin, fled away into outlawry to live and die freemen in the good greenwood.

"Where is my sister Edith?" asked John—she was always his favourite.

And then they told him that she had married the one-handed Edwin, and, with reluctance, how the King's purveyors slew him for standing up against their wrong-doing.

"But where is Edith?" again asked John.

Hiding in the woods, but where no one knew, said the neighbours with still greater reluctance, looking strangely one upon another.

"When and where was she last seen?" inquired John, clutching his staff and stiffly rising.

"Three days ago, in the evening, down yonder, where the footpath winds into the wood, with her baby in her arms, and your little nephew and namesake clinging to her dress."

Poor old John! He had already walked too far and eaten too little, yet he repelled angrily the advice which bade him rest and eat. He crept slowly down into the footpath she had departed by, crying as he went, in a voice of piteous entreaty—"Edith—Edith—Edith!"

All through the day and night that melancholy cry went wailing through the woods, and on the morrow a swineherd belonging to the castle, seeking a stray hog, found old John of the Heywood dead under some bushes.

Many a time after that, when the men and women of Loxley sat on cold evenings around their fires, talking of these evil days, they heard, or fancied they heard, between the pauses of the outcast wind that mournful, wandering cry of pitiful entreaty, in an old man's voice—

"Edith—Edith—Edith!"

CHAPTER X.

God, that is full of might,
Save thee, sire, gentil knight!
And give thy men hap and grace
To tell to rede thee in this place!

Old English Ballad.

"*Dieu Merci!*" exclaimed old Hardy the warder, as the rain swept down like a torrent, and hailstones rattled, bounded, and rolled thickly around him; "*Dieu Merci!* What a night is this!"

And truly a blustering night it was. The wind strove to rend his cloak from him, and as he clutched and drew it closer, a yet fiercer gust tore the lantern from his hand, dashing it against the watch tower battlements, leaving him to grope his way in darkness, rising with a wild shriek as if in mockery of the mischief it had done, and sweeping down through the valley and town to rattle and swough amongst the distant woodland hills.

"A plague upon your howling and grumbling," muttered the sentinel, bending his helmeted head to escape the pitiless pelting.

"'Tis an ill night for wanderers," sighed the warder.

"'Tis an ill night for sentinels," groaned the soldier. "Were you thinking of Squire Eude, Hardy?"

"Aye. And of many such, God help them! Good night. I would your watch were pleasanter."

"Good night."

This brief bit of dialogue was held high up in the black air upon the soaring battlements of Tutbury Castle, by men exposed to the full fury of the storm, where the great iron beacon grate swung and creaked overhead, and the banner pole bent and cracked in the force of the blast.

And, while they talked—with pricked ears and elevated crest Earl Eudes' great Flemish war-horse thundered wildly up to the closed gates of Burton, fiery sparks flashing from his hoofs and from those of its rider's retinue of armed followers. The watch had been duly set for the night, and the townsmen were in deep slumber, as the alarming horns rang out a blast which even the angry wind was not loud enough to drown.

"I trust we shall find no lack of hostellers and herbergeors,"* said the Earl, as again the horns were blown to rouse the sleeping town.

Presently a drowsy watchman appeared above the gate demanding, with a fierce "Holloa," how many they were, who they were, if they came in peace, and why at such an unseemly hour they were so noisy.

"It is William Eude, Earl of Preaux and Lord of Loxley, on the business of Richard the King," shouted one of the knights.

"Will you surrender your weapons to the town guardians ere we open?"

"Aye, will we, if the High Steward be present."

"One has gone to rouse him," said the watchman.

By this time half Burton was awake, and lanterns were moving to and fro; men brought forth their arms, and the women's shrill voices were heard in terrified questionings during the pauses of the wind. Burton had ere now been attacked by robber knights and outlaws from the surrounding woods.

"Are the beacons prepared?" asked the newly-aroused bailiff as, sword in hand, he came shivering forth into the street.

"Who could light them in such a downpour?"

"True, let one stand by the market bell and bid him be protected."

"Andrew the tawyer stands there."

"Good! Where is Long Philip?"

"At the gate."

"Armed?"

"Aye."

"Good! The hosteler [bears a strong arm and a brave heart. Oh! here is the Steward."

Forth into the crowd came the High Steward in his armour, helmet on head, axe in hand, and with him they all made for the gate, some in fear and dread, some resolute and fierce.

The Earl's men-at-arms readily enough gave up bow, spear, and sword one by one as they rode under the gate into the town in the rear of the Earl and his knights, who in deference to their rank were not disarmed.

By this time Hardy, the warder, had been again summoned to the watch tower at Tutbury.

"I spy dim glimmering of lights out yonder—where Burton is."

"Um! What can they mean?"

"Do you see them?"

"Um!"

"There!" cried the sentinel, pointing—"now!"

"I will call up a knight of the watch," said Hardy, once more descending from the platform.

Swearing and growling, the guards put on armour at the bidding of their captain, and with bows in readiness and their swords on, sat round the fire yawning and reading what might be; for never were times so peaceful or walls so strong, that town or castle could be lightly guarded in these "merrie days of old."

A weary ride through the storm and darkness, over great heaths and through wild woods, had been Earl Eude's since the afternoon, when, the storm threatening, he had left his lady with some knights in the monastery of the Mother of Pity, twenty miles away, to ride on to this good old town of Burton. Stiff and aching was he, and, after he had seen his horse stabled, right glad was he to find himself seated in the Steward's hospitable hall, adjoining the stables, with a great pile of logs blazing merrily upon the hearthstone; his wet clothes and heavy armour removed by skilful and expeditious varlets, one of whom dried his hair and beard on warmed cloths, while another, kneeling at his feet, presented a goblet of hot spiced wine. Esquires and knights were no worse treated by the kindly Saxon yeomen who reigned in Burton, and in the hostelry of Long Philip—he who stood so firmly by Robert Eude on the day of that fatal wager—the voices of the men-at-arms waxed loud and merry after the toilsome journey they had endured.

* Innkeepers and people who gave travellers shelter in private lodgings under municipal regulations.

When the morrow came, great was the excitement amongst the townspeople, as it became spread abroad that this great Earl, who stood so high in the favour of their new monarch, was none other than the father of that brave, unhappy young Squire who shot to death fifteen of the King Henry's Nottinghamshire foresters.

While the Earl was conversing with the High Steward before his early departure for Tutbury, he being impatient to greet his son Robert and take him to his mother, there came a faithful liegeman of his, the brave knight from Lincolnshire, Ranulph of the Spittal Hill, bringing with him Long Philip, down-looking and full of awkward confusion. "My lord," said the knight sorrowfully, "here be one who tells woeful news; speak up, man, and fear not."

Kneeling at the Earl's feet, Philip twice essayed to speak before he found utterance.

"I would rather not," said he; "there are many here who know all about it as well as I—ask the High Steward or the Bailiff."

"Nay, man," said the good Earl Preaux with his gentle glance and kindly voice, "your story will suffice; speak on."

"You are his father, and I can't!"

"His father! What does this mean? Is it of my son?—speak out! he is not dead!" So with hurried speech, terrified, spake the Earl.

"No man has heard of his death in these parts so far as I know, my lord," replied Philip, quickly.

"Is he at Tutbury?" asked the Earl anxiously.

"Where he is now—no one knows," was the sad reply.

"Let me have no more riddles," cried the Earl with stern impatience, and there was that in his voice which showed that he would not be trifled with.

"Strike me if you will, Earl; I would rather bear blows than the pain of telling such a tale to you."

"This is torture," said the Earl in a low voice, his face growing pale as he turned aside.

"My lord," abruptly said Ranulph, "he is outlawed."

"Who? Robert? My son?"

"For a bold brave deed, and one for which no true father can take shame," boldly cried Philip.

"Let me hear," said the Earl, thinking of his Countess, the lady Joanna, in the monastery of Our Lady of Pity until the tears stood in his eyes.

The High Steward here took up the story, and fearing the father's anger against the son, he began:

"My lord, your son was not to blame. We loved your son. Nor man, woman, nor child here in Burton held him in aught but love and loyal respect. He was ever glad and joyous, saluted all people whom he met, held none in scorn, paid his just debts; in church made never a noise nor joked as some do, whom God loves not; he honoured the clergy and he always spoke them fairly, and as to his archery!"

"And," eagerly interrupted the Steward's good dame, anxious to throw in her good word for the dear young Squire, "when he entered a house he would always cough very loud as he lifted the latch, lest there should be something doing that he ought not to see. It cost him nothing to do this, my lord, but of a verity we all loved him the better for it."

"Thanks, good friends; but now touching his outlawry," said the anxious Earl, restless and feverish with impatience.

"Come aside with me, my dear good lord," said Sir Ranulph, "and I will tell you the luckless story, even as this man Philip told it to me."

This was the story Philip told Ranulph, and Ranulph re-told to Earl Eude:—

"Your son was walking abroad with a bow of exceeding great strength when he fell in with certain Rangers of the King's forest, who fell to quarrel with him for making show to use such a bow as no man was able to shoot withal. Whereto Robert replied that he had two better than that at Loxley, only he bare that with him now as a birding bow. At length the contention grew so hot that there was a wager laid about the killing of a deer at a great distance off, for the performance whereof Robert offered to lay his head to a certain sum of money."

"Was he drunk?" asked the Earl.

"Of a verity, no, as you will see. Of this rash speech the others presently took advantage. So the deer being found, one of them, both to make his heart faint and his hand unsteady, as he was about to shoot, urged him with loss of his head if he missed the mark."

The Earl set his teeth tightly and breathed hard. The knight continued:—

"Notwithstanding, Robert killed the deer, and gave every man his money again" (the Earl nodded approval), "save to him who at the point of shooting so upbraided him with danger of his head, and they two came to quarrelling, and so grew to fighting. And the Rangers drew their bows upon him in the way of treachery, and so by accident slew one of the townswomen, for the which, your son being in great anger, pursued and killed them."

"How many?"

"Fifteen."

"Fifteen!"

"They were slain in flight, each by an arrow from behind, save one, who died in the very act of bow-bending, as it seemed."

"Has inquisition been made upon their bodies?"

"Yes; penalty too has been paid by men of the Hundred here in Burton, and Earl Ferrers being at Tutbury when the deed was done, with a heavy heart called his knights together in assize, as 'twas his duty. He loved your son for many a gallant deed done in the wars, and remembering the faithful services he had rendered in troublous times of great danger, would himself have been his bail, but to the offence of slaughter Robert had added that of betaking himself to the woods in the manner of outlaws. Squire Gamwell, the Earl's Provost to the pages, spoke up nobly, swearing he would give his life to shield his noble cousin from ill."

"Christ save him!" exclaimed the Earl, making the sign of a cross upon his breast.

"But all was in vain, sentence of outlawry was pronounced, and they were awaiting the King's pleasure when news came from Normandy of Henry's death."

"The letters must have arrived directly after my departure," said the Earl. "King Henry saw them not. They are now in Richard's hands."

And then he called a meeting of the High Steward, the Bailiff, and the chief burghers, who gathered together all the inhabitants in the market-place, where at noon, in the name of the Queen Regent Elinor, and that of her son, King Richard Cœur de Lion, to the sound of trumpets and roll of drums, the accession of the latter to the throne of his father was proclaimed, with pardon for all prisoners and outlaws, on condition that they should pray for the soul of the late king and renew their fealty and allegiance to King Richard. Then went up such a shouting as made the heavens ring again, and in the excitement that ensued all work for the day was pronounced at an end, and nothing but jollity and rejoicing reigned at Burton.

But the Earl, thinking of his son and of his wife, rode on to Tutbury full of deep anxiety and sorrow.

But ere he left Burton, four knights rode away, each with a

little clump of spears behind him, in search, east, west, north, and south, to bring back Robert Eude.

And ere the evening other parties went out to scour the woods and moors in quest of Robin Eude, for in the midst of the merry-making on the crowded green before his hostelry, Long Philip came forth, armed and accounted for a journey, with stout leathern hood over his head, wearing his hauberk, and carrying shield and sword.

"Who will volunteer with me to find good Squire Eude?" he cried, in a loud, strong voice.

"That will I," cried one cheerfully. "And I," cried another, and so cried many more, of whom some were women, and some were mere children, whereat there was much laughter.

But in the end three strong bodies of armed men went forth in directions other than those it was known the knights had taken, and they were accompanied for some miles out of Burton by their fellow-townpeople, all full of noise and merriment, rejoicing heartily in the extension of a royal pardon to Robin Eude and the outlaws, with whom for the main part all were more or less in sympathy, so hateful to men of all classes had become the ancient forest laws and those by whom they were more directly enforced.

(To be continued.—Commenced in No. 276.)

REVIEWS.

A Woman of Mind: A Novel in three volumes by Mrs. ADOLPHE SMITH. London, Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.

Calm and stately, self-complacent, rigidly conscientious, terribly frank, and outspoken, is the of course beautiful-heroine to whom Mrs. Smith introduces us as "a woman of mind." To do right is with her the great business of life, and in a strictly business-like way she goes about it. The world is to her a kind of moral and political academy of which she is head mistress—with a rod always in "pickle." Her name is Silvia Clevedon, she comes of "good" blood and family, and, in the strength of her moral principles and mental convictions, she assumes a quiet air of lofty superiority, which if, it was not always purposely aggressive, could not always have been pleasant. She has read much and indiscriminately, is a politician of extremely strong democratic proclivity, and, to use the novelist's descriptive words, is altogether "a woman above the ordinary feminine level, a woman whom to know might be 'a liberal education.'" Her father is a Tory of the old out-of-date school, her mother holds the same political creed, and Silvia's highly complimentary and contemptuously comprehensive idea of a Tory is "a man of the upper classes who rants and raves about the enormous intellectual and moral superiority of his own rank, and never does anything to prove it." Miss Clevedon, although a woman of mind, cannot understand that silence is sometimes expressive of modesty or an amiable regard for other people's feelings. When her naturally stupid and Tory mother, "taking no notice of the humorous twinkle in her daughter's fine eyes," urges that it is better to keep your political opinions to yourself than give offence to parents and friends by uncalled-for remarks, she is greatly shocked and indignant, replying, "But that is dissimulation, mother. That is leading people to think I have no opinions at all, which is a direct untruth." Such is "a woman of mind."

The hero is one Philip Royle, the son of "a wholesale tea-dealer of great repute in the City," who is described as "rather wild and dissipated, and difficult to deal with," although clever and amusing, and a great favourite with the ladies. The tea-dealer regards idleness as "the distinctive mark of a gentleman"; directly a man worked he became, "in his estimation, 'a trader and a vulgarian' like himself. Royle is cowardly enough to be ashamed of his father's position in life, and of his respectable family of middle-class sisters, and mean enough to sneak into "Society" under false pretences. He flirts with Miss Clevedon's pretty maid servant, and her democratic and not innocently unsuspicious young mistress, jumping at once to the conclusion that his apparently harmless attentions could only be inspired by the vilest of intentions, solemnly warns her maid, and severely upbraids this naughty and wicked young gentleman, thereby wounding at once both his conscience and his heart. Promising that he will never again flirt with humble serving maids, the handsome young snob goes away deeply repentant and deeply in love. We cannot dwell upon the story, nor tell how Miss Clevedon, being left out of her Tory father's will, is compelled to work for her own living, nor how Royle offends his father by wanting to work for his own living, nor how he takes to the stage, and she takes a post as secretary to a "Society for the Protection of Workwomen," in Dean-street, High Holborn. Space prevents us from these details; nor can we tell how Gilbert Jocelyn, whom Miss Clevedon's parents wished her to marry, became heir to all her father's property, and at last was instrumental in bringing Royle and Silvia together as man and wife, and then very properly died. All these things, with many more are duly put forth with full details and particulars in the most approved style of lady novel writers in the volumes before us; which, while awaiting review, have inspired with the greatest delight and satisfaction several lady novel readers of vast experience.

Burnham Beeches. By FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.

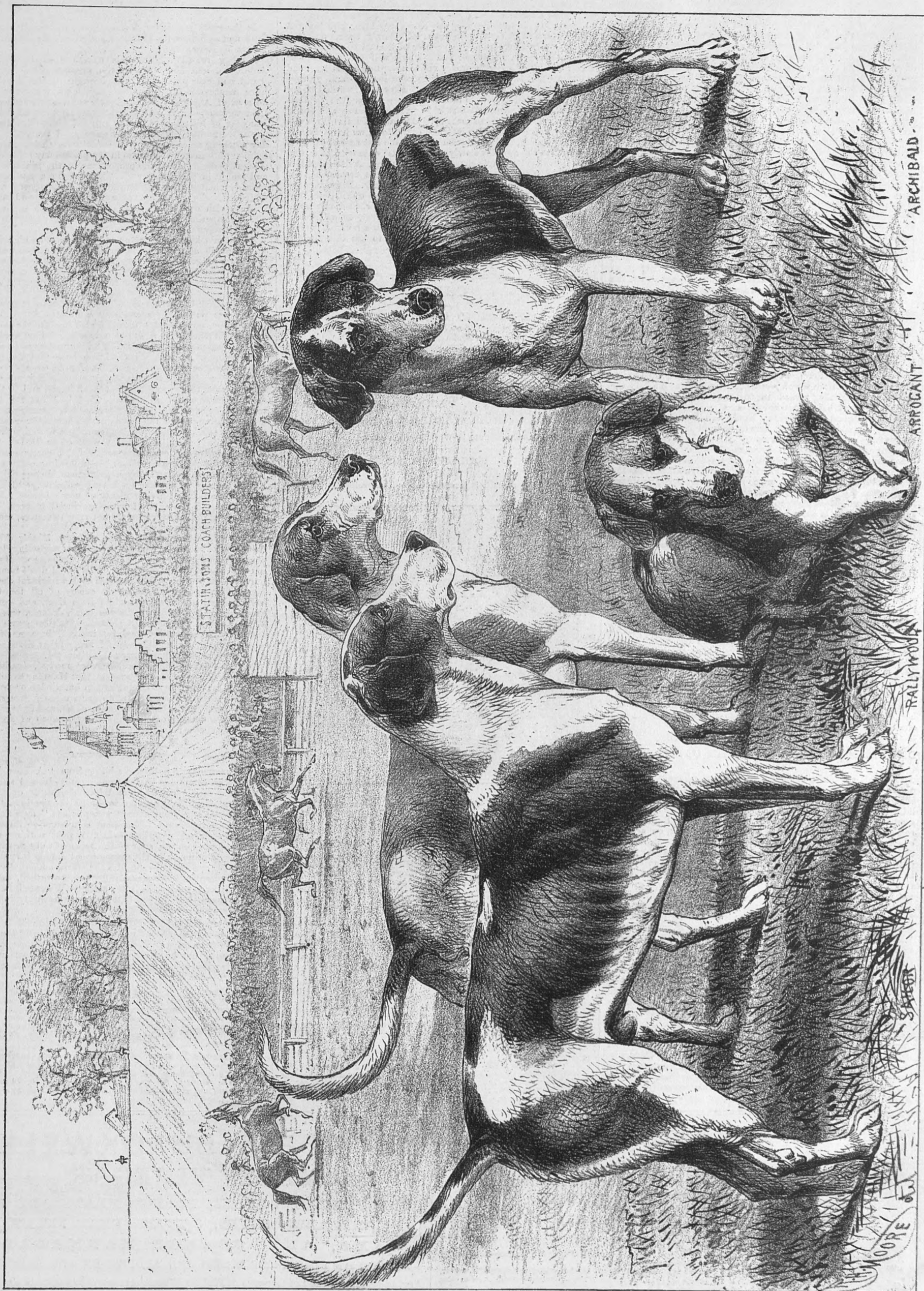
This is a very readable and interesting little work, prettily bound up in the new American style, with some poorly reproduced engravings and reprints of old blocks by Mr. Birket Foster, which have done duty in so many forms that we are heartily tired of seeing them. From the preliminary announcements, we quite expected original and better things in the way of illustrations from the most wildly picturesque and strikingly beautiful woodland scenery in the country. Apart from the engravings, however, Mr. Heath's book is one which can be heartily commended, and the reader who has not seen the famous beeches, and desires to do so, will find his enjoyment largely increased, and his convenience greatly ministered to, by carrying with him a copy of this portable little volume.

The Great Artists. London: Sampson Low and Co.

We have received the last four parts of this carefully-prepared and scholarly series of biographical art works. "Hans Holbein," by Mr. Joseph Cundall, is thoroughly appreciative of this great painter's most valuable services to English art, and deals with the little we know of his life in a spirit of careful investigation, research, and comparison, which could not fail to be productive of an extremely satisfactory work. The biography of Raphael, by N. D'Anvers, gives us a faithful picture of the painter in all the different stages of his triumphant career, with a carefully compiled account of his works, which are also forcibly described. Mr. Percy R. Head's "Van Dyck" is a most readable and interesting contribution to art history, admirably illustrated, full of personal details throwing light upon the artist's character, method of working, &c. "Frans Hals," by the same author, briefly embodies the known facts of this great Dutch master's life, and gives us specimens of his work in some very carefully-executed engravings. It also is very readable and admirably well written. "Titian," by Mr. Richard Ford Heath, is another of this high-class series of valuable volumes, equally admirable both in style and matter.



A FRIENDLY GREETING.



THE HORSE AND HOUND SHOW AT BIRMINGHAM.

VETERINARIAN.

THE HORSE'S EYE.

No one of the five senses is of such importance to the horse as that of vision. Whilst horses are often deaf without appreciable detriment, any impairment of vision is of great consequence, especially to those horses—hunters and roadsters for example—which have to go over or along unknown and irregular paths. Self-preservation is the highest instinct with horses as it is with ourselves, and when horses are in a wild state, possibly the sense of smell is of as great importance as the sense of vision, perhaps greater, but in domestication the sense of sight is unquestionably the most important. Many thoughtless men persuade themselves that when a hunter sails along over field and hedge the care of his rider is uppermost in the horse's mind, which is supposing that discipline has trained the horse to think more about his rider's comfort and safety than his own, or in other words, that discipline has overcome the strongest instinct of his nature. Hence dealers in showing off their wares to their customers often say, "Now, sir, there's a 'os. That 'os'll take care o' any man if he doesn't know how to take care of himself." But the better informed dealer will say, "That 'os will neither hurt you nor himself." With disciplined and able hunting horses this latter statement is quite correct; but mark, the horse being able as well as disciplined will carry out his instinct of self-preservation under the task his rider sets him, and his rider's share in the venture is in doing the same—that is, in sticking close to the individual who is able and disciplined and trying to take care of himself. The horse cannot take care of himself, especially in going across country, unless his eyes are perfect, so that his rider participates in a risk common to both when the main condition of self-preservation is absent.

As most eye diseases in able-bodied horses are of a trivial and removable nature, with a little common-sense treatment, we will go over the mechanism of the eye, and then point out the parts where the mechanism gets out of order. First, we must remember that the eye, ear, nasal organs, and the tactile nerves in the skin, are only the several organs or instruments thrown out, as it were, by the brain for the purpose of receiving impressions of images, sounds, odours, and touch, and conveying them to the brain. It is the brain which perceives sights, sounds, &c. If the reader not already versed in these matters will take the trouble to stand before a window or a gas light and hold a magnifying glass in his right hand, and hold this in front of the open palm of the left hand, he will have a complete diagram, so to speak, of an eye. He will have to move the lens slowly to and fro between the light and the palm before he gets a little image of the light apparatus—that is, an image of the gas jet or window frame. If he hold the lens the least trifle too near his palm, or too far away from it the image on the palm will not be what photographers call a "sharp" clear image, but a diffused light only, no likeness or image of anything whatever. If the reader will allow the palm of his left hand to represent the retina at the back of the eye and the lens he holds in his hand to represent the lens of the eye, his imagination for our purposes need be called upon no further. In other words his right hand has been moving the lens to and fro, and the palm of his left hand has been receiving a sharp clear image when the lens has been exactly at the proper distance. It will thus be seen that there are two parts playing an active part by the hand and lens which is engaged in focussing, and a passive part by the palm which was receiving the image. Now as the retina (palm) is very seldom at fault in the horse—not once in a thousand cases of defective vision—it follows that it is the other or active apparatus, that which is engaged in focussing, which is at fault in the vast majority of cases. The retina is damaged mostly by mental distress, hurry and worry, constant looking at white objects, &c., also by gout, and some diseases peculiar to man; and as the horse does not "go in" for these things, he escapes. It follows, then, that we must look for defective vision in the horse in the front half of his eyeball. So that we may begin and consider the causes here at work.

DISEASES AND INJURIES OF THE COVERINGS OF THE EYE.

1. *Simple Ophthalmia*.—From feeding out of racks foolishly placed too high, hay seeds frequently "fall into the eye," as it is called. In reality they get stuck in the under surface of the lid, top or bottom, and cause closed eyelids, diffuse tears, and swelling of the parts, with pain on exposure to light if they remain in long. To remove the seed is no easy task, on account of the horse insisting on closing the lids; also when the lids are forced open the *haw* of the eye is forced from the inner part of the eye over the eyeball in spite of our efforts unless we seize it with forceps. Get a clean white basin of clear warm water, and a small syringe, whose nozzle has a small piece of soft indiarubber tubing to it. See that this indiarubber has no sharp edge, then charge the syringe, and thrust the indiarubber part of the nozzle well under the lids, and inject—catching the water in the basin so that we may see the offending substance—several syringes full. A twitch will be needed. The under lid should first be everted, which is easily done, to see that the seed is not in it, in which case our trouble will be little. When the seed is not forthcoming by these simple means, we must turn up the upper lid by force, and search it, having at hand a stiff feather to brush away the seed when found. The eye quiets down in three or four days when the substance is removed. Lashes with the whip are fruitful sources of simple ophthalmia. Dastardly drivers frequently use (?) their whips over the horse's face. This is quite a common practice with a great number of 'bus drivers in London. Many a time have we expostulated with drivers in the employ of the London General Omnibus Company about this cruel habit; indeed, riding on the front of these 'busses is often most trying to any humane man from this cowardly, brutal habit. A "lark" with a whip-lash over the eyeball sets up

common ophthalmia, which may or may not destroy vision, according to its severity or mismanaged treatment. First, in treating it we must see that there is no foreign body in the eye, and that the injury is alone causing the affection. The symptoms are the same as those caused by a hay-seed, only there is more intolerance of light. A simple dose of physic, a dark box, and hot fomentations continually applied to the eye is the treatment for the first three days, with lowered diet of course. After this the eye will slowly open, and the injury is then fairly seen. The repair of it must be left to time. If often leaves an opacity behind it which will split the rays of light, and interfere with proper vision according to its size and position—that is, if it be near the centre of the eye-ball, or very large, and so extend near the centre. How easy it would be for owners to forbid drivers to lash their horses over the face on pain not only of dismissal but of payment of damages, if not of a fine or imprisonment for cruelty. Common cold also gives rise to simple ophthalmia, with its special symptoms we have named. When this is so, and the treatment as in the last case applied, it is found on the eye-lids slowly opening, that no mark of a wound is left, so that its simple character is confirmed. A darkened box and hot fomentations are the chief parts of the treatment, but must be carried out as part of the treatment only. Bites or stings of insects are very occasionally a cause of simple ophthalmia, but this cause must not be overlooked. Of course when doubt as to cause remains after full investigation, the driver, or whoever is in charge of the horse when the affection is first noticed, should have the benefit of it, but we would like to see this striking horses over the face abolished.

(To be continued.)

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

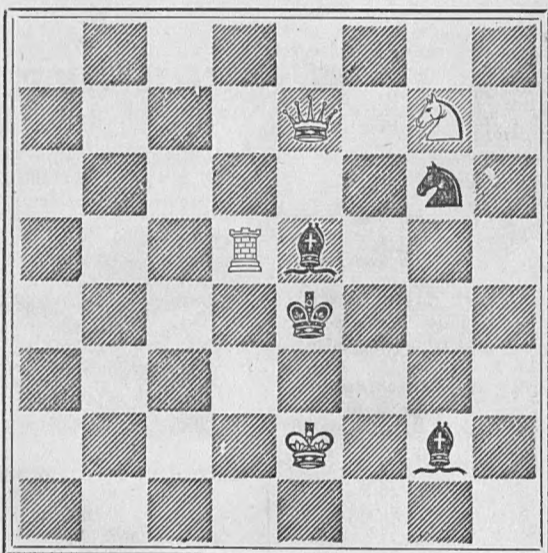
T. R.—Our puzzle, No. 241, fully deserves your commendation. It is as ingenious, interesting, and legitimate as any problem.
F. R. S.—No doubt they sometimes play good games, but they never send any to us; perhaps they foolishly and erroneously suppose that we should adopt their principle of retaliation.
E. MARKS.—Thanks for letter and packet. We shall have much pleasure in complying with your request.
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 241, by G. I. P., O'B., Juvenis, J. G., W. Damant, and H. V., is correct.
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 241. P at K B 7 took a Kt and became a Rook, instead of Queening and mating.
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 241, by J. L., Jun. (Seaforth), and John Watkins (Birmingham), is correct.
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 242, by W. G. Harris, is correct.

PROBLEM No. 243.

By E. J. L.

(An extremely interesting and pretty composition.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White has just moved and might have mated. What must his move have been?

CHESS IN LONDON.

An interesting little game lately played at Simpson's Divan, between Mr. Mason and the Rev. S. W. Earnshaw:—

[The four Knights' Opening.]

| WHITE. (Mr. Earnshaw.) | BLACK. (Mr. Mason.) | WHITE. (Mr. Earnshaw.) | BLACK. (Mr. Mason.) |
|---------------------------|------------------------|---------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 17. Q to R 4 | B to K 3 |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | Kt to Q B 3 | 18. Castles Q R | P to Q 5 (e) |
| 3. Kt to B 3 | Kt to B 3 | 19. P to Q B 4 | B to Q B 4 |
| 4. B to Kt 5 | B to Kt 5 | 20. B to B 2 | P to Q Kt 4 |
| 5. Kt to Q 5 | B to B 4 | 21. P to K Kt 4 (f) | Q R to Kt sq |
| 6. P to Q 3 | Kt takes Kt | 22. P to B 4 | Q to Kt 2 |
| 7. P takes Kt | Kt to Q 5 | 23. Q R to K sq (g) | Kt P takes P |
| 8. Kt takes Kt | B takes Kt | 24. Q P takes P | Q takes P (ch) |
| 9. P to Q B 3 | B to Kt 3 | 25. K to B sq | Q to R 8 (ch) (h) |
| 10. Q to Kt 4 (a) | Castles | 26. B to B sq (i) | P to B 4 |
| 11. B to Kt 5 | P to K B 3 | 27. Q to R 3 | P to K 5 |
| 12. B to R 6 | Q to K 2 | 28. P takes P | B takes P |
| 13. P to Q 6 (b) | P takes P | 29. Q to Kt 3 | K R to K sq |
| 14. B to B 4 (ch) | K to R sq | 30. B to Kt 3 | P to Q 6 (k) |
| 15. B to Q 2 (c) | P to Q 4 | 31. K R to Kt sq | P to K 6 |
| 16. B to Kt 3 (d) | P to Q 3 | | |

(a) This pugnacious Q now threatens to worry the Black K, but she cannot injure him. B to K 3 was probably his best move here.

(b) A sound sacrifice.

(c) This B ought never to have abetted his Q in her offensive but useless manoeuvres.

(d) Had he taken the P, Black would have captured B P with a check, &c.

(e) Well played; he could not win the K B P advantageously on account of White's reply, Q to B 3.

(f) White's position at home is very critical, and he has no time for aggressive movements. B to Kt 3 is seemingly his best course.

(g) He must make a loophole of escape for his K.
(h) A strange blunder, of which White, no doubt playing hurriedly, failed to avail himself.
(i) K to K 2 would have given him the victory.
(k) In this, as in most of his end-games, Mr. Mason loses no time, and shows no mercy.

CHESS CHAT.

In the great match now being played alternately at the City Club and at Simpson's Divan, the score is—Mr. Potter 3½, Mr. Mason 5½, drawn 8.

I lately recorded Staunton's opinion that Labourdonnais, Anderssen, and Morphy were the greatest chess players the world had ever produced. But I ought at the same time to have mentioned that Staunton entertained the very highest opinion of Alexander MacDonnell's skill, and considered that the progress he made and the successes he achieved during the last year of his life not merely entitled him to be classed with the above-named celebrities, but gave good promise of his one day reaching an eminence even superior to theirs. I note this opinion of Staunton's, because in the present day a disposition is evinced to dwarf down the proportions of the giants who lived and fought in past times, and perhaps no man has been more unfairly treated than Labourdonnais' great opponent. Puny whipsters, who could not even lift up the sword which he wielded with ease, force, and dexterity, assume to themselves airs of superiority, and with glib feebleness essay to chatter away his reputation.

Staunton's knowledge of chess, and his thoroughly sound judgment in all matters connected with it, constituted him a first-class judge of men's chess capabilities. True he was sometimes a very prejudiced judge, but only in the case of those players who had either beaten himself, or underrated his own powers.

I learn from the prospectus of the forthcoming magazine that it purposes publishing a carefully annotated selection of the past and present games, beginning with the Morphy-Anderssen match. Well, I hope it will be only a selection, as many of the games in all matches are so faulty and stupid as to be certainly undeserving of re-publication. I also hope that the promised notes will not be interminable or unintelligible, or supererogatory. Few will care to look at a game that requires a greater number of notes than there are letters in the alphabet, and I think no sensible critic would go beyond "Zed." What fun to some, what a misery and infliction to others, what a warning to all, was the annotation of that 140 move game, wherein the much-noted critic exhausted the alphabet, and then began to double the letters, putting them in capitals, and so went on to D, D, where he very properly and ominously stopped. I recommend to the notice of the old game revivers the following extract from a letter written to me lately by a gentleman distinguished alike for his literary culture and for his caissan skill:—"I hope they will make a point of giving plenty of new games. That is the desideratum in the eyes of most provincial players. Modern criticisms of old masterpieces are not very attractive, seeing that the games are now crystallised."

The able correspondent of the *Glasgow Weekly Herald* has done me the honour to combat my notions respecting dullness in chess, as set forth in this column a few weeks ago. He accuses me of being on the side of the dullards. I don't remember to have written anything that justified such a frightful charge! I know in my heart I am the sworn enemy of all the tribe. I only pointed out that abstention from risks, and consequent avoidance of brilliancy, or, in one word, dullness, was fostered by match play, and that in a perfectly faultless game between two combatants exactly equal in strength, the acme of dullness would be reached; and therefore I argued that the desirability of matches might shortly have to be discussed.

By-the-bye, as I have become very modest, truthful, and candid, I hereby inform my readers that Mars in the nineteenth century lays no claim to superhuman knowledge or power, nor are his bellicose proclivities more than usually strong. He is now content to leave bigger wars alone, and fight with those who are the enemies of chess and the traducers of its votaries. No one need fear me unless he is a mischief-monger.

MARS.

A CONTEMPORARY publishes a letter from "A Poor Younger Son," who complains that "two roughly-dressed and wholly unwashed men" were admitted into the stalls of the Opera Comique, where their conduct was highly objectionable. "To take ten shillings from a poor younger son," says the writer, "and then inflict upon him such company—so dirty, so ill-behaved—persons who had evidently paid nothing for their seats, appeared on the spur of the moment to be nearly akin to a fraud. But no doubt the management simply intended to do a kind act, and failed to consider the effect, among others, upon yours obediently." Do roughly-dressed, unwashed, and vulgar people never pay for seats in the stalls? We fear it is too often only because they do pay that managers unwisely inflict such company upon superior people.

"CAN you tell me why S. B. keeps a skeleton in her wardrobe?" asked the other day a ferocious *sociétaire* of the Comédie Française from an art critic. "Well, I don't know. Perhaps that it may not be said that she keeps it in her cupboard." "No, sir; it is only to try her dresses on it," was the charitable rejoinder.—*The World*.

EAU FIGARO. The last scientific discovery for restoring faded and grey hair to its original colour. Cleansing, Harmless, Colourless. To prove that this is "bona-fide," if a sample of hair be sent before purchase of the preparation, stating original colour, the same will be returned completely restored. Prices 6s. and 6s. per bottle. Full particulars will be sent on application to the French Hygienic Society, 40, Haymarket, S.W.—[ADVT.]

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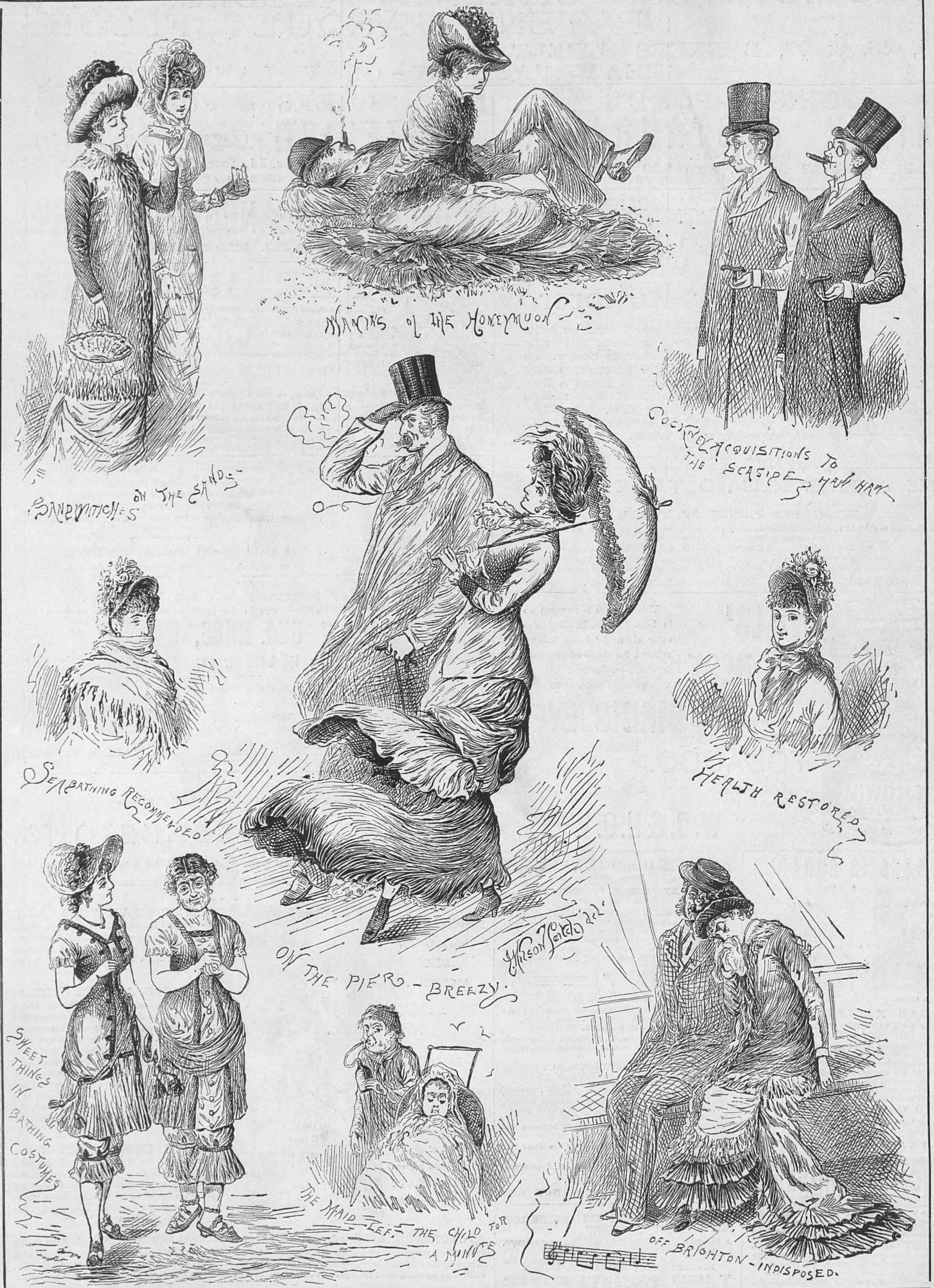
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